



A true line needs no lash

VOL. VI NO. 18

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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

Sire Record Of Equipoise Surpasses Everything In Thoroughbred History

Official figures upon the racing year for 1942 were released in the New Year's number of Daily Racing Form, which is the official authority in all matters pertaining to the statistics of the American turf.

The array set forth was astonishing.

Outstanding was the fact that between January 1 and December 31 all previous records for money distributed to stake and purse winners and placed horses were surpassed.

The grand total for the year—at what classify as "recognized" meetings—was \$18,131,118.

The previous record, set in 1941, had been \$17,987,225.

When it is recalled that California was almost a complete blackout, and that in 1941 this state contributed \$3,156,549, and was just nosed out for first place by New York with \$3,197,479, the amazing character of the exhibit is doubly impressive.

At the beginning of the year turfmen were in more or less of a blue funk. At its close they had passed through the most prosperous twelve months, from the box-office standpoint, in the entire history of racing, the world around.

Along with this the season had been graced by a constellation of grand performers and brilliant per-

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History Of Early Racing In America Will Be Published

From the Jockey Club comes the announcement that they will, during the coming year publish "Racing In America 1665-1865", the writer is none other than our own John Hervey, known to everyone as Salvator. In 1920, The Jockey Club commissioned Walter S. Vosburgh, to chronicle the history of American Racing from the year 1665 to 1921, which he did. This book is now out of print and ranks as the great authority on the years which it covers. Then in 1937, followed, "Racing in America 1922-1936". This work was entrusted to John Hervey. Then there was another 200 years to account for, with the result that the Jockey Club, which is certainly ruled by William Woodward, commissioned John Hervey to handle this

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ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB

Media,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1859.
Recognized 1904.



For several weeks Rose Tree had too much weather for hunting. Bitter cold and snow and ice made the going unpleasant and treacherous both for hounds and horses—not to mention the human hunters! Beginning with Christmas week, however, there were bright spots.

Tuesday, Dec. 22. Hounds met at Gradyville at two. Gray clouds above and snow below. A field of four (ideal number!) In the Gradyville woods hounds speedily uncovered a line and chorused away into the Street Road Barrens. Here they followed left across the road into the meadow and field and woods beyond. In these woods the fox made a tricky turn and hounds lost for a few moments. They worked to good account, however, for presently they were chorusing across the road into Jack Jack's. Another check. Not hounds' error, however, or the pilot's cleverness. Just the wind's blowing snow across the line and making scent an in and outer. Against such odds hounds worked well picking up the line time and again for brief spurts on the way back to the Bar-

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ELKRIDGE— HARFORD HUNT CLUB

Monkton,
Maryland.
Merged 1934.
Recognized 1934.



Saturday meets are always popular and specially the Saturday following Christmas. On December 26, 1942 the going was so deep that the Master was disinclined to take hounds out but yielded to the clamorous demand of many school-girls and boys. The meet was at Ben Griswold's, in honor of Ben himself, home for a few days leave after several months of strenuous service at sea with the Navy. Foxes seemed unwilling to lend themselves to the occasion, for we drew cover after cover blank until the best part of an hour was gone. Hounds finally had the luck to pick up a line in Lurman Stewart's pasture, and raced away to the Drennan swamp, where for a few minutes they were at fault, but soon found the answer to the riddle and broke out of the north side confusing some people into going the wrong way, and exciting all the rest into a mad scamper through swamp and thicket. Scent was not of the best. Our pilot ran a ring over a familiar line of chicken-coops and moderate panels, with just one full-sized post-and-rail at the

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MEN AND PONIES

By MURDO MORRISON

Everyone in the world of the horse in the field, knows or at least is somewhat familiar with the spectacle of polo in America. Its pageantry of the pony parade, picketline accessories, spare tack laid out for the mallet men, the 300 yards of playing surface, every hoof mark tamped back in place after half-time, so that faultless, or almost so, the stickwork might please the eye of the spectator and aid the malletman to greater accuracy.

Just how all this was financed has always been matter of mystery to the average polo fan, suffice that the game allowed of their watching good stick and teamwork, what matter who footed the bills?

We have for a long time known that the "inside story" of the galloping game would make good reading for Chroniclers. We must have been rubbing our rabbit's foot when Murdo Morrison wrote a letter to us asking if we would like to hear about Miami and the name that is synonymous with that fabulous section of streets and sidewalks, but no houses—Carl Fisher (the late).

This is his first story, we are in a position to state that it is the history of many another development, perhaps on a lesser scale, but nevertheless with the same principle applied. It makes grand reading, provides laughs, especially for those who know the various notables mentioned, who rode in the glamour between the sideboards. We give you Murdo Morrison, for 12 years manager of the Flamingo Polo Club, a Fisher development of land, from the back of a polo pony.—The Editor.

Many professional ball hitters, who in recent years made a living in polo, now realize that the game has long since passed its final period of what had been a purple era.

A number of factors, all of a slow and creeping expansion, contributed towards the general decline of high goal polo. Briefly, I will specify two. First, the retirement to the economy of the sidelines of men of wealth, who, solely through a genuine love of the sport, had, respectively, sponsored teams. When these "angels" dropped out of the game they dismounted many pro-

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Steeplechasing

Support Of Members Helps United Hunts To Keep The Sport Alive

To The Membership:

In 1942 the United Hunts marked its 38th consecutive year of racing.

The Spring Meeting was held on the Grounds of the Piping Rock Club on July 4th and the Fall Meeting at Belmont Park on November 13th and 14th. Both of these meetings, which consisted of steeplechasing and flat racing, were days of both high class and excellent racing. At the Belmont Park Meeting sixty-one horses started in eight events on November 13th and seventy-nine horse started in eight events on November 14th—a total of one hundred and forty horses for the two days and in the two steeplechases each day on November 13th and 14th we had thirty-eight starters in the four races which, I believe, is a record in this country for starters in four steeplechases on two consecutive days.

The United Hunts in 1942 paid the State of New York a total revenue of \$91,942.15 (pari-mutuel revenue and tax on admissions) and the Federal Government received for admission taxes \$2,896.78. The above amounts show that the United Hunts is doing its share towards States and Federal Taxes.

We have contributed this year a total of \$6,000.00 towards the Army Emergency Fund, Navy Relief Society, United Seamen's Service, Inc., and the United Hospital Fund of New York. We have also contributed

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Silver Fleet Wins By Jump-Off In The Barbara Worth Trials

The Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trial finally came to pass on December 6th, 1942, after being postponed a number of times. Still it did not miss the rain, the show started in the open course, but after the riders had a good drenching the whole affair was moved to the covered ring and continued to a happy ending. At which time hot coffee and snails were served in the club house and all went home reasonably comfortable. John Diggs judged all classes and did a most satisfactory job.

The open jumpers went to Silver Fleet owned by Will Wright, after three jump offs. Margaret Davis' veteran Ban Hasen had second, third to Salto owner Theresa Buford, F. J. R. owned by Norma Mathews

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Hunting Notes:-



TO THE MASTERS

We ask you to send in notes to the BERRYVILLE office each week. Hunting men away in the service read their Chronicle, we send it to them.

A Day In The Brandywine Country Thirty Years Ago

By A. HENRY HIGGINSON

The announcement in the London papers of the death of the Earl of Berkeley, owner of the Berkeley Hounds, brought to my mind the name of William Thompson, who at one time wore the yellow Berkeley livery when he was huntsman to that famous pack, just prior to his coming to America as huntsman to the late Charles E. Mather, master of the Brandywine Hounds. I have not known all the great professional huntsmen we have had in America in the past forty years, but I have known and hunted with a great many of them; and I am inclined to think that Will Thompson ranks very close to the top of the list,—or did a dozen years ago. Will Nichols, huntsman to the Montreal for many years, was perhaps his equal—I have had brilliant sport behind both men and I should not want to choose between them.

I am often asked by English hunting men what I consider the best hunting centre in America, and I invariably say Philadelphia. I am aware that this statement will be disrupted by many Southerners, who will claim that Baltimore, with the Green Spring Valley, the Elkridge and the Harford—now combined—and many others within easy reach, holds pride of place; but the truth is that the country which lies between the two cities is so full of hunting centres that it is not easy to decide. As I say, I always name Philadelphia perhaps because in my young days, with the Radnor and the Rose Tree, and Mr. Mather's (the Brandywine), to say nothing of half a dozen lesser packs within easy reach, it had undoubtedly that reputation which it has always held since the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club was first founded in 1766. If one goes further South the claims of Washington and Warrenton could not be overlooked, but I do not think there is anyone who will dispute the statement that today Philadelphia must rank very close to the top, especially when one remembers that in a three hour motor run from the Quaker City one could pass through many of the best hunting countries in the United States, countries that might well be ranked as the "Shires" of America.

It so happened that, some thirty years ago, I was asked by a son of the late Lord North to write for him a description of some of the hunting

countries of America for a periodical of which he was the editor. Lord North had been very kind to me and I wanted to oblige any relation of his in any way that I could, so I consented to take the job and make what Nimrod would have termed a "Hunting Tour" of a dozen of what I considered the best packs in the country at that time. I kept a journal in those days—I keep one still—and it occurs to me that it might be of interest to some of the younger men in America to hear of my visit to the Brandywine which was one of the packs I described.

It was in February of 1911, when my own country in Massachusetts was deep in snow and the hunting practically over for that season. Arriving on the night train from Boston early in the morning at Philadelphia, I got a bite of breakfast and then took an early train for West Chester, which I reached a little after nine o'clock. I was met at the station by one of Mr. Mather's men and about an hour's drive brought us to the main farm (Mr. Mather owned a dozen in the vicinity) where the master had his hunting establishment. Mr. Mather was a very busy man and it was only on Saturdays and holidays that he was able to get out with his hounds; so that at this time I did not have the pleasure of seeing him. His two daughters were, however, there to welcome me and I was soon warming myself before the fire. But there was no time to be lost, so I changed as quickly as possible and came downstairs to find the horses waiting at the door and Miss Josephine Mather already mounted. They gave me a bay gelding called *Homespun*, by Pagan, bred on the farm, as were all Mr. Mather's hunters, and we jogged out of the gate and across the lane to where hounds waited for us. Mr. Mather's huntsman, William Thompson, had eighteen and a half couples of the dog pack out, and a level hardworking lot they looked and proved. It was a good scenting day and had we found a fox we should doubtless have had a clinking gallop, but luck was against us—it had been a wild night and I do not think foxes had come out—and so, although I had a very good chance to see hounds work under somewhat discouraging conditions, we had no gallop. I was very

Continued on Page Three

Sporting Institution Helps Keep Hunting Going In Britain

BY J. FAIRRAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

The late Marquess of Londonderry was once horrified at a suggestion made at a public meeting that a bazaar should be arranged to raise funds for the South Durham (Ralph Lambton's) Hunt. "A bazaar!", he exclaimed, "to assist the gentlemen in the famous Sedgefield country to keep going their pack of hounds! The idea is almost an insult to sportsmen and to sporting tradition." That was over half-a-century ago, since which times, conditions and the incomes of landed proprietors have all changed. It was decided recently at the annual meeting of the Goathland Hunt to carry on the pack as "trencher-fed", and to raise sufficient funds to meet expenses by holding social functions this winter in the villages. As a matter of fact this is not an innovation, for some of the small hill packs have very few subscribers, and no big ones. The farmers who follow give a little in hard cash, and make up the balance by keeping a hound and giving a load of straw, or sack of oats. The income to meet expenditure is raised by a series of Hunt dances and other "do's" in various parishes, for which occasions farmers and their wives provide the refreshments. Apart from the financial results, much good is accomplished by these re-unions of friends of the Hunt. Interest is kept alive, a great many people are made to feel that they are assisting in the maintenance of the pack that hunts their own neighbourhood. Thereby it continues to be, not a Hunt Mastered by a stranger, and controlled by him and a few men of whom little is known, but a sporting institution in spirit and in truth belonging to the farmers, cottagers, shopkeepers,—indeed, to young men and maidens, old men and children of every degree. In this lies strength and goodwill; therein is a bedrock of security, which cannot be bought by the big cheques of Midas, or even ensured by the most tactful, sporting and popular M. F. H., who has no stake in his country. So long as legislation does not interfere with the chase it will be conducted most happily, and will soonest resume its former status in those areas in which the Tom, Dick and Harrys in the villages are keen and anxious to help.

We ask you to submit the names and addresses of any good prospects for The Chronicle. A forceful offensive will double our circulation during 1943.

NOTICE TO THE HUNTS

You are making a wonderful response to our request for accounts of hunting days. We wish to thank you. Pictures of the packs and fields are not coming in, we know it is not as easy to arrange. Good snapshots can be enlarged by us and as a rule reproduced on the offset, we again ask you to try and send some along.

BLUE RIDGE HUNT

Millwood, Clarke county, Virginia.
Established 1888.
Recognized 1904.



Fixtures for January, 1943. All meets are at 12 noon.

Saturday 9th, Annefield.

Monday 11th, Mt. Airy.

Wednesday 13th, Bellfield.

Thursday 14th, Springsbury.

Saturday 16th, Hickory Green.

Monday 18th, Sherwood.

Wednesday 20th, Summerville.

Thursday 21st, Erin.

Saturday 23rd, Chapel Hill.

Monday 25th, The Grove.

Wednesday 27th, The Cliff.

Thursday 28th, Clay Hill.

Saturday 30th, Rosney.

Alexander Mackay-Smith, M. F. H. Hunting is by invitation only. A fixture card, properly received, will be considered an invitation to hunt. Hunting license required by law.

Anyone wishing to bring out guests must call the Master beforehand for permission. All visitors must pay the regular cap fee.

The hour and place of meeting is subject to change because of weather or other conditions. The Boyce telephone operator and Front Royal 146 will have definite information two hours before the scheduled time. Bye-days on Tuesday and Friday when hounds cannot go out on the regular days. J. W. Lewis, Sec.

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The Sporting Calendar

You can help us by sending in notices of any events you know of that do not appear in this Calendar.

NOVEMBER

26-Mar. 9. Fair Grounds, New Orleans, La. 75 days.

THE AUDUBON STAKES (ALC'S), 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 16.....\$2,000 Added
GULF COAST STAKES (ALC'S), 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 30.....\$2,500 Added
THE CHALMETTE 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 13.....\$2,500 Added
MARDI GRAS 'CAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., March 9.....\$2,000 Added

26-March 9, 1943. Fair Grounds Breeders' & Racing Assn., New Orleans, La. 75 days. (No racing on Mondays—March 8th excepted)

CRESCENT CITY HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 2.....\$2,500 Added
THE AUDUBON STAKES, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 16.....\$2,000 Added
GULF COAST HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 30.....\$2,500 Added
THE CHALMETTE STAKES, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 13.....\$2,500 Added
NEW ORLEANS HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 27.....\$10,000 Added
LOUISIANA DERBY, 1 1/2 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., March 6.....\$7,500 Added
MARDI GRAS HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., March 9.....\$2,000 Added

DECEMBER

21-Jan. 12. Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla. 20 days.

JANUARY

13-Mar. 6. Hialeah Park. (46 days.)

HIALEAH PARK INAUGURAL, 6 f., 3 & up, Jan. 13.....\$5,000 Added
HIALEAH STAKES, 6 f., 3 & up, Jan. 16.....\$5,000 Added
PALM BEACH 'CAP, 7 f., 3 & up, Jan. 23.....\$5,000 Added
MIAMI BEACH 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Jan. 30.....\$5,000 Added
BAHAMAS HANDICAP, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, Feb. 6.....\$5,000 Added
EVENING HANDICAP, 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Feb. 13.....\$5,000 Added
MCLENNAN MEMORIAL 'CAP, 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, Feb. 20.....\$7,500 Added
FLAMINGO STAKES, 1 1/2 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Feb. 27.....\$15,000 Added
BLACK HELEN 'CAP, 7 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, March 1.....\$5,000 Added
HIALEAH JUVENILE STAKES, 3 f., 2-yr.-olds, March.....\$5,000 Added

MARCH

8-April 12. Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla. 30 days.

6-June 6. Hipodrome De Las Americas, Jockey Club De La Ciudad De Mexico. 42 days or more.

HANDICAP DE LA GUIDAD DE MEXICO, 1 ml., 3-yr.-olds, May 9.....17,000 Pesos Added
DERBY MEXICANO, 1 1-8 ml., 3-yr.-olds, May 16.....50,000 Pesos Added
HANDICAP NACIONAL, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, May 23.....20,000 Pesos Added
STAKES DE LA CONDESA, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds, May 27.....6,250 Pesos Added
HANDICAP DE LAS AMERICAS, 1 1-4 ml., 3 & up, May 30.....100,000 Pesos Added
STAKES JOCKEY CLUB MEXICANO 7 f., 3 & up, June 3.....6,250 Pesos Added
HANDICAP PRESIDENCIAL, 1 1-8 ml., 3 & up, June 6.....50,000 Pesos Added
(Stakes nominations close May 1, 1943 except Mexican Bred or Owned Stakes).

CHICAGO RACING DATES

Sportsman's Park—Sat., May 1 to Sat., May 15—13 days.
Lincoln Fields—Mon., May 17 to Sat., June 19—30 days.
Fairmount Park—Sat., May 29 to Mon., July 5—28 days.
Arlington Park—Mon., June 21 to Sat., July 31—36 days.
Washington Park—Mon., Aug. 2 to Mon., Sept 6—31 days.
Hawthorne—Tues., Sept. 7 to Sat., Oct. 16—35 days.
Sportsman's Park—Mon., Oct. 18 to Sat., Oct 30—12 days.
Fairmount Park—Sat., Aug. 28 to Sat., Oct. 9—32 days.

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A Day In Brandywine

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much impressed with the way in which they drew their coverts, covering the ground thoroughly and yet wasting no time at it. I noted in particular a young doghound called "Charon" '09, and also a couple by Belvoir "Druggist" '04, all of them working remarkably well; but after drawing several coverts blank, we came back to the farm, as Miss Mather had to go to Philadelphia and I was particularly anxious to look over hounds in kennels.

To me an afternoon spent looking at hounds is always a source of pleasure. I think we all like to see what the other fellow is doing, whether he works along similar lines to our own or otherwise, and often we get ideas which help a great deal in our own undertakings. I have the clearest recollection of that afternoon I spent with Thompson at Brandywine, and I could almost describe the young hounds by Belvoir "Druggist" without looking at my notes. To do that, however,—in fact to give any detailed description of the individual hounds which we saw that afternoon,—would be a waste of time, for today, alas, their progeny are no longer

in the Brandywine kennels, the present master deeming it better to give up the old strains which his father loved so well, and to substitute in their place native hounds, whose ancestry does NOT trace back to Belvoir "Weathergale" '76. While I am ready to admit that the maintenance of a first-class pack, which can trace its ancestry back to the English Fox Hound Kennel Stud Book is a more expensive and less easily accomplished task than the maintenance of a so-called American pack, I cannot help but feel sorry that the old blood lines have been lost; for the Brandywine pack was always to me a monument to the patience and skill of its founder. Thompson showed me all there was to see and explained to me at some length the substance of the breeding operations which he was at that time carrying on under the guidance of the master, a policy which eventually produced a pack which delighted anyone who had the good fortune to hunt behind them, and it was late in the evening before I went back to the house where I dozed before a great log fire until Mr. Mather's "James" provided me with a most delicious dinner, after which I turned in to dream of beautiful "Belvoir tan" bitches galloping across the frozen Brandywine River.

We got away early the next morning, as Thompson wanted to take me into the Unionville country (now hunted by Mr. Stewart's Cheshire pack) on the other side of the Brandywine River. I had been impressed on the previous day by the way in which the doghounds drew their coverts, but the bitches were even better if anything, though that may have been due to the day, which, though quite cold, seemed to be a good one for scent. The thermometer showed 14 degrees of frost, and the ground was like iron, but neither horses, hounds, nor men, seemed to mind in the least.

At nine o'clock we were at the covert and Thompson cheered his hounds into as nice a looking bit of laurel as one could ask for. There were thirteen couples of bitches and four and a half of doghounds, among them "Charon", the young dog to whom I have already referred. We had been in the covert hardly ten minutes when a deep note sounded at the far end of the little wood. "That's right", said the huntsman, "that's 'Galloper' and I've never known him to tell a lie—there, I thought as much," as a holloa from the whipper-in outside the covert came over the air. Cheered by their

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For 1943

THE CHRONICLE

NATIONAL STALLION ROSTER

WILL BE PRESENTED TO YOU THIS MONTH. ITS CONTENTS WILL BE AS ACCURATE AS POSSIBLE, ALSO IT WILL BE AS COMPLETE AS OUR RECORDS WILL PERMIT. IT IS A FREE SERVICE TO HORSEMEN WHICH WE ARE GLAD TO OFFER. EXTRA COPIES WILL BE PRINTED. IF YOU WISH FOR MORE COPIES FOR YOURSELF OR YOUR FRIENDS, PLEASE FILL IN THE UNDER-PRINTED BLANK.

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Horsemen's



Lovely Night

It is with pleasure that we are able to present **Lovely Night** to Chronicle readers. Those who follow steeplechasing in this country are familiar with his ability and his substantial conformation. He is standing for this year by private contract and has been placed at stud with the hope that he may become a factor in the breeding of material for distance over the fences.

Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark may find that her luck, which came to the front when **Kellsboro Jake**, won from a large field at Aintree in 1933, is again in touch with her. She has certainly picked a 'chasing stallion with a sire who has all the making of a producer of the best, **Pilate** is a horse that anyone would fall for, when his breeding activities are analyzed, it is apparent that he lives up to his looks.

It will be with intense interest that the get of **Lovely Night** will be followed. Mrs. Clark's offer of a private contract this year will enable men with mares that should produce 'chasers to go on and use him to mutual advantage. Certain it is that if disposition is as big a factor as we think it is, those who use the bay son of **Pilate** will have nothing wanting, for he is grand on that score.

Tropical Park Notes

Here is a tip for doubters. **Gulle**, sold for \$150 in New England during the past season, when it was declared he never would race again, being pronounced hopelessly broken down, won his 3rd since that transaction, at Tropical Park. The race marked his first for the season down there.

Some weeks ago H. L. Straus was in our office on his way to shoot in the Blue Ridge mountains. We asked him for some news of the Gables doings. He looked and laughed:—"Do you want to be put on our circulation?" We wondered why he laughed, we don't now—for the Gables has so much stuff to put out, all of it quite interesting to the racing addict, that we don't know what to pick for the old staid huntlike people of our world of *The Chronicle*. Anyway, they are evidently having a good time down there, plenty of horses, jockeys, trainers, owners and people with money in their pockets, when they go in the turnstile—and that is what it takes to make a race meeting.

Johnny Adams, the Kansas boy with the long rein and the aptitude to make them gallop on, has had no trouble in assuring his being top boy for the year as far as the flat jockeys are concerned.

Tropical ends on the 12th, Hialeah starts on the 13th, then, when it ends on March 6, Tropical will commence on the 8th and go in till April 12. Not a bad diversion for those who are down in that climate.

News-

Clifton Information

In our December 25th issue the information about Dr. L. M. Allen's young horses is in error. The 3rd one listed should read: "Brown gelding, 3 years old, 16.3½ hands, girth 78 inches, cannon bone 8¾ inches, dam a lightweight winner of 23 races."

When Dr. Allen gave us this information, we found out that he has 8 yearlings: 7, 2-year-olds; 3 3-year-olds and 1 4-year-old. Most of them are by **Coq D'Esprit**, one filly is by **Gray Coat**. The yearlings are just being handled to ride, the rest are well broken. It is a fine chance for someone who wishes to build up good stock for the after-war demand, to obtain the right kind. Anyone wishing to go see them can call at The Chronicle office and the farm is just up the road from this spot.

Steeplechasing

Continued from Page One

to five Hunt Race Meetings a total of \$1,650.00 to help towards their deficits. It will, therefore, be interesting for you to note that these two items are larger than all dues received from Members during this year. We have also just bought \$10,000.00 U. S. Victory 2 1-2 per cent Bonds.

At our two race meetings we distributed Money purses amounting to \$32,075.00, besides trophies, which undoubtedly was very helpful in bringing about the high class racing and emphasizes the fact that we are doing our share to carry on this fine Sport of Racing.

Your Executive Committee has worked out a plan setting aside several times the amount appropriated in 1942 for money purses in 1943 to carry on Hunt Race Meetings in different locations in the Spring and early Summer. Of course, this all is subject to the War Effort. If this plan proves successful it will undoubtedly be carried on for the Autumn Meetings of 1943.

This further substantiates our slogan "For Sport's Sake and Better Sport." We are very appreciative of your support in the past which has been most helpful. Therefore, won't you continue your membership enabling us to keep Hunt Race Meetings and Steeplechasing alive in this country during these trying times.

Very sincerely yours,
Lewis E. Waring, President.

Racing Report

The New York State Racing Commission is able to look back on the 1st year of war with a sigh of relief and a chuckle of pleasure. The annual report of Chairman, Consultant-to-the-Secretary-of-War, Herbert Bayard Swope shows that of the country's estimated race betting of \$534,000,000, in New York State \$175,158,374 was handled with a revenue to the State of \$10,000,000 or better. The original goal for the fund for service men was \$2,000,000. Mr. Swope who sits in the chair of the American Turf Committee, which is raising the money for this particular fund,

Silver Fleet

Continued from Page One
fourth and fifth to **Auntie Barb** owned by Evelyn Strader.

Birdie Boyles' Blue Monday went nicely to take the blue in the middle and heavy weight youngsters. The **Yank** owned by Jeanne Cannon had second over **Promulgator** who was third owned by Muriel Butler, fourth to **Old Refrain** owned by George Richards and fifth to Kathleen McLoughlin's **Jezebel**.

Eva Gene Dager's **Sierra Sun** having an exceptional performance took the first in the light weight hunters, second to **Gold Flight** owned by Hazel Binder, Genevieve Edson's **Crystal Lake** had third, fourth to **Sir Frederick** owned by Pat and Jeanne Cannon and **Little Cap** owned by Mrs. C. McNamee fifth.

The working hunter class shown over a figure eight course went to **Salto** with a keen go, second to **Blue Monday** who went a bit too gay, **Little Cap** third performing far above usual, fourth to **Old Refrain**, the surprise of the show, and fifth to **Ban Hasen**.

Open Jumpers:—1. **Silver Fleet**, Will Wright; 2. **Ban Hasen**, Margaret Davis; 3. **Salto**, Theresa Buford; 4. F. J. R., Norma Mathews; 5. **Auntie Barb**, Evelyn Strader. 12 entries.

Middle and Heavy Weight Hunters:—1. **Blue Monday**, Birdie Boyles; 2. **The Yank**, Jeanne Cannon; 3. **Promulgator**, Muriel Butler; 4. **Old Refrain**, George Richards; 5. **Jezebel**, Kathleen McLoughlin. 7 entries.

Light Weight Hunters:—1. **Sierra Sun**, Eva Gene Dager; 2. **Gold Flight**, Hazel Binder; 3. **Crystal Lake**, Genevieve Edson; 4. **Sir Frederick**, Pat and Jeanne Cannon; 5. **Little Cap**, Mrs. C. McNamee. 8 entries.

states that of the actual figure of \$3,200,000, New York State gave close to \$1,000,000. And those are tall figures to end the season with, a nice way of raising the fund for the war too. Incidentally, Jock Whitney, a Commissioner, is now a Major in the army on foreign duty. Several others of its personnel have gone to the armed forces.

CHARLEY O.

Br., 1930

By *HOURLISS—*CLONAKILTY,
by CATMINT
16.0½ Hands. 1,250 Pounds.

(PROPERTY J. H. WILSON)
5555 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

A stake winner, by a stake winner, out of a stake winner, brother to a stake winner. Represents a staying line.

CHARLEY O. with limited opportunities in Kentucky came to Virginia in the late season of 1941. With only 6 mares sent to his court, all are proven to be in foal.

CHARLEY O.'s winners have won over a distance.

CHARLEY O. won Florida Derby (by 3 lengths, 118 pounds, 1¼ miles in 1:49 3-5); finished third to **BROKERS TIP** and **HEAD PLAY** in Kentucky Derby.

*CLONAKILTY won and produced **MIKE HALL**, brother to CHARLEY O., winner of 19 races and \$19,420, including **Agua Caliente Handicap**, **Latonia Cup** twice and others, and setting new American record of 3:48 3-5 for 2¼ miles.

FEE—\$100

AMPLE FACILITIES FOR VISITING
MARES

Standing at

Rockridge Farm

3 Miles East of Leesburg, Va.
Telephone: 35-W-1, Leesburg

tries.

Working Hunters:—1. **Salto**, Theresa Buford; 2. **Blue Monday**, Birdie Boyles; 3. **Little Cap**, Mrs. C. McNamee; 4. **Old Refrain**, George Richards; 5. **Ban Hasen**, Margaret Davis. 12 entries.

0

Early Racing

Continued from Page One

last phase of racing history in this country.

Because of the great amount of research work and consequent disclosed data, it has been found best to publish it in two volumes. The first will go down to about 1800 and the second to cover the last 65 years.

Like former volumes, it will be of the finest typography and lavishly illustrated from old paintings, prints, drawings, sketches, photographs and documents. Many of these will never have been reproduced before. It will make a magnificent addition to turf literature.

Mr. Woodward's contribution to racing is matter of history, especially so when analysed rather thoroughly. He has done the greatest thing a man could do to break down the Jersey act—William Woodward took a stable of horses to England, raced them and showed that they could do the job, even though their ancestry did not quite come up to the standard set by the exacting English Stud Book. For, he has been signally successful with his colors in England.

That eventually the Jersey act will be just a thing of memory, is certain, it will be largely due to such men as Mr. Woodward, that this happier levelling of bloodlines will come to pass.

Lovely Night

Bay, 1936

by **PILATE—SNOOZE**,
by **PETER PAN**

(Property of
Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark)

Lovely Night was a winner in each of the four seasons he raced, a stakes winner in two seasons. He won 14 races and \$55,660, was five times second, five times third.

Although not a stakes winner at two, **Lovely Night** was a colt of stakes class, won the **Sultana** and **Big Blaze Handicaps**, three allowance races, was second in **Great American Stakes**, **Remsen Handicap**, and third in **Ardley Handicap**. At three he won **Constitution**, **Queens County**, **Empire City**, and **Butler Handicaps**. At six in 1942 he won **The Imperial Cup**, the **Amagansett Handicap**, **Cagliostro Hurdle Handicap**, **Shillelah Steeplechase**, was second in **Broad Hollow Steeplechase Handicap**. He injured his ankle in the last named race and was retired.

Lovely Night is a son of the successful young sire **Pilate** (also sire of **Eight Thirty**, etc.) and out of the dam of the stakes winner **Pompeys Pillar** and two other winners from six foals.

Private Contract

STANDING AT

ELSMEADE FARM

Russell Cave Pike
LEXINGTON, KY.

Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page One

formances, so that from this angle also it will long be memorable.

It is also the well-grounded feeling that there will be no curtailment in 1943 insofar as the Government is concerned. This being induced by the fact that racing was allowed to resume in California late in the fall, with the promise of something resembling full steam ahead there later on.

As has previously been set forth in this column, after much fanfare and press divagation, Whirlaway has been proclaimed the "Horse of the Year."

We have already discussed this question in former issues of The Chronicle. But in bidding farewell to it, a few words more may be said.

While we have at no time accorded Whirlaway the extravagant laudations that it is now the custom to apportion him, we regard him as entitled to the honor he received.

The title "Horse of the Year" is one which, when all is said and done, means that animal which has occupied the most conspicuous position in the public eye, the one which has been most widely acclaimed, and has created the most commotion.

In these regards Whirlaway was, without question, the leader. He is therefore entitled to the distinction. With which statement the matter may be allowed to rest without further threshing over of the straw.

But from a much more lofty standpoint, the real "Horse of the Year" was one that has been 4 years dead.

This being Equipoise, aforesaid the champion race horse and now the champion sire.

Despite the fact that he died at the age of 10 years, left but 3 full and one partial crop of foals behind him, and that he had nothing younger than 3-year-olds to represent him in 1942, being thus debarred from the 2-year-old arena, where many of the richest prizes are given, his little band of sons and daughters under silks won the sum of \$437,041.

This surpasses all previous sire records.

The previous one, for America, having been the \$422,200 established by that great progenitor Imp. Sir Gallahad III in 1930.

While in England the figures are \$378,535, set by Blandford in 1934.

This achievement lifts Equipoise into the highest altitudes of all Thoroughbred history.

As a performer he ranks among the greatest ones ever seen in this country, having won the sum of \$338,610, which at the time placed him 2nd on the world-list.

While, undoubtedly, he would have been the first horse to cross the \$500,000 mark had not his best years been those of the great financial depression of 10 years ago, when purse and stake values were far lower than at present.

Though the incontestable King of the Turf through the seasons of 1932-33-34, his earnings in 23 races won through them were less than \$200,000—whereas the past season alone Whirlaway was able to earn \$211,250 though winning but 12 races.

Some comparative figures otherwise will be illuminating.

Equipoise was at his peak during the seasons of 1932 and 1933. The entire amount of money raced for 1932 was \$10,082,757, while in 1933 it fell to but \$8,516,325.

In other words, as much money

Elkridge-Harford

Continued from Page One

top of a hill; without more ado he bade us good-bye and withdrew to his underground sanctuary. Very shortly thereafter we managed to disturb another fox in another pasture of Lurman Stewart's; this one manifested a keen knowledge of country and a determination to have us do some jumping if we would come along and follow his lead. For awhile there was no need for him to hurry, scent being catchy, and he took us quietly across the land of Miss Parlett whose recent death has cast a shadow over many of us. More than one, I am sure felt a pang of sorrow when we jumped into her beautiful rolling pasture, cantered across and jumped the panel into Perlman's, all of which Miss Parlett had arranged so carefully to suit our convenience. Turning left-handed, we jogged alone a bit and swung back again into Miss Parlett's, passing close behind her house and garden. Then it came to all the knowing ones that Lurman's paddock lay directly in front, with its over-sized post-and-rails and more rails yet, nailed on top of the posts, until one can hardly see over them. Of course scent had to improve right there and hounds began really to run. I did not stop to count how many got over the first paddock fence before some-one with a love for humanity smashed the top-rail. By a miracle the bars leading out of the paddock were down, providing a delectable outlet through which we swept very gaily and over the fence into the drive-way, thence the Hess Road. By now the line was straightening out and led back to Ben Griswold's where we had met. Ben had pulled out sometime before in preparation for his return to duty that night. On we went at a great gallop down into his meadow, over two fences and all but into his yard, school-girls and boys with cheeks aglow and splashed with mud, like a long tail to a comet, strung out for half a mile. There was Ben himself at an open window, in his shirt, waving wildly to show us which way the fox had gone. It seems the latter had the audacity to sit down in full sight of Ben and wait for us to catch up. He did not have to wait long for hounds, however, and no doubt felt small concern for the school-girls and boys. Evidently he still had in mind big fences, for his line lay straight across the farm lately acquired by Mrs. Ralph Crim-

mins, with Irish traditions and training in the sport of fox-hunting. She has embellished her purchase with stout four-board plank fences. Mrs. Crimmins herself undertook to show the way here, no doubt feeling it incumbent on her to do so. Not many followed her, in fact not many ever do, when she starts out to cross country in a hurry. She has mercifully provided gates for the use of those with more time than herself, though the gates did not open easily. It is hoped that she will oil the hinges before next time. Anyway the field got across her place one way or another in great excitement though considerably strung out, and reached Nelson's great woods where we were much hampered by fallen tree-tops and obscure strands of barb-wire. The writer, having good reason to be at home by now, pulled up and bid good-bye to the whole affair, which was most unfortunate for him, for as he rode away he saw in the distance hounds, hunt-staff, the Master, school-child-

ESSEX FOX HOUNDS

Peapack, New Jersey. Established 1912. Recognized 1912.

Hunting Appointments

After Saturday, January 2nd, the Fox Hounds will hunt, weather permitting, every Wednesday and Saturday, with an occasional bye day on Monday, for the rest of the season.

The time and place of fixture may be ascertained by calling up the Club House, Peapack 62, the day before.

Kenneth B. Schley, M. F. H.

Richard V. N. Gambrill, Sec'y.

December 30, 1942.

mins, with Irish traditions and training in the sport of fox-hunting. She has embellished her purchase with stout four-board plank fences. Mrs. Crimmins herself undertook to show the way here, no doubt feeling it incumbent on her to do so. Not many followed her, in fact not many ever do, when she starts out to cross country in a hurry. She has mercifully provided gates for the use of those with more time than herself, though the gates did not open easily. It is hoped that she will oil the hinges before next time. Anyway the field got across her place one way or another in great excitement though considerably strung out, and reached Nelson's great woods where we were much hampered by fallen tree-tops and obscure strands of barb-wire. The writer, having good reason to be at home by now, pulled up and bid good-bye to the whole affair, which was most unfortunate for him, for as he rode away he saw in the distance hounds, hunt-staff, the Master, school-child-

ren and all leave the woods and go streaming away across open country. In fact the hunt was only about half over and continued for another three or four miles, nearly to Phoenix Station. What constituted the precise end of it is obscured by conflicting reports, some saying that hounds were whipped off, and others that they were unable to do any more. The point was a good five miles, with two or three more to be added for the irregularities of the line. DeCourcy Wright.

We ask you to submit the names and addresses of any good prospects for The Chronicle. A forceful offensive will double our circulation during 1943.

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1943 Season

OKAPI

Brown, 1930

Eternal	Sweep	Ben Brush
		Pink Domino
	Hazel Burke	*Sempronius
		Retained II
Okapi	*Rock Sand	Sanfoin
		Roquebrune
	Octoroon	Hastings
		*Ortega

Fee \$250

To Guarantee a Live Foal

PSYCHIC BID

Chestnut, 1932

Chance Play	Fair Play	Hastings
		*Fairy Gold
	*Quelle Chance	Ethelbert
		*Qu'Elle est Belle II
	Tetratema	The Tetrarch
*Queen Harod		Scotch Gift
	Reine de Neige	Roi Herode
		Snowflight

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BROOKMEADE FARM HAS EXCELLENT FACILITIES FOR VISITING MARES

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BROOKMEADE FARM

UPPERVILLE

VIRGINIA

was hung up in stakes and pursued through the past season of 1942 as in both 1932 and 1933 combined. This condition kept the earnings of Equipoise down to a sum little more than half as much as he would have been able to win if favored with such as now prevail. However, the magnificence of his performances relegate such considerations to the background. Reinforced as they now have been by his achievements as a sire they have lifted him to such a pinnacle as few other Thoroughbreds have ever stood upon. While they make his loss, just as his stud career was getting well started, one of the most grievous that the American Thoroughbred interest has ever sustained. Were he alive today, the position he would occupy would be indeed a towering one. As it is we can only lay a laurel crown upon his grave and do all in our power to conserve the deplorably limited amount of his blood that has survived.

The Quarter Horse

By STONY WALTON

A big stride in the horse world was taken in 1941 when the westerners organized and promoted the American Quarter Horse Association, which sees to the breeding and registration of their breed, thereby credit was put where it was needed and due. Since the early part of the nineteenth century, Texas has produced and developed a horse most adaptable to their work. This breed is a throw back to the times of Cortes, the Spanish conqueror, who with his men followed his grazing cattle north until they hit the Texas plains which proved a heaven for both the horse and the cattle. For some three hundred and fifty years these horses have been working with cattle, doing the job with remarkable endurance, and competency.

The facts behind the origin of the Quarter Horse are not all complete but some do exist. Wood, Sandys, and Gookin were the first to import English horses into Virginia about 1620. Out of this grew legalized horse racing which had immediate success. By 1690, large purses were being offered for the owners of horses, thus match racing was practically an every day experience for any community. The straight stretches of dirt road were the only available tracks, generally along the main street of the town was the clearest straight path for sport. Farther up the coast line to Rhode Island racing was booming with the Spanish importations, and with this reputation rising, Virginia and Rhode Island sponsored match races. So successful were the Spanish horses that the Virginians saw the necessity of improving their horses—so with the Spanish blood being crossed with the imported English, the Quarter Horse was being originated. Very likely the Virginia horses had already some infiltration of the Spanish line, since South and West of Virginia in the so-called "Backwoods" there were some Spanish settlers and their beasts. This point is pretty decisively brought out in the horses of Virginia of this era, when the horses were not very tall, hardy, strong, and speedy for short distances. These colonial horses were American by heritage, fleet for a quarter of a mile; far surpassing the aliens that tackled them at their own distance. The importers of what few English Thoroughbreds that were here at the time, must have been considerably discouraged with the trouncings that their horses took when they were left at the post on every strategic occasion.

As America expanded herself toward the West into new country that demanded development, the Quarter horse proved as necessary for the times as the automobile has come to be today. The most deep impression on the cowhorses of the West came directly from the Quarter Horse and the inheritance of *Steel Dust* and *Shilo*. *Steel Dust* was the oldest of the strains, having been foaled in 1843, in Illinois, from here he migrated to Texas in 1846 and died there in 1864. *Steel Dust's* sire was *Harry Bluff*, a son of *Short Whip*, and *Big Nance*, a Thoroughbred mare . . . thus he was at least a ¼ Thoroughbred.

The typical Quarter Horse stands less than fifteen hands, and weighs near 1,200 pounds. He has a short deep barrel, tremendous girth, big heart, rather short neck, and is very heavily muscled in both fore and hind quarters. This horse has been put to every known test as to his

Continued on Page Eighteen

A Day In Brandywine

Continued from Page Three

ADD DAY IN BRANDYWINE huntsman, hounds went to the cry like wildfire, and we galloping along the ride, were soon outside ourselves, just in time to see the pack streaming away a field in front, their cry ringing over the frosty air. The going was all that man could desire, for what is frozen ground if horses are properly shod? The big fences seemed to come to one as we galloped after the flying pack, and for the next twenty minutes we had to sit down and ride as hard as our horses could put foot to the ground, for it was a regular burster—and how those little bitches did run!—with "Gallop" and the young Belvoir dog "Charon" running well up. Presently we came to a wheat field; hounds were brought to their noses; and we had a chance to give our horses a breathing spell. But it didn't last long. "Trifle" hit off the line, threw her tongue, and in an instant the pack was away again. This time we had only a short burst into a little covert, where hounds were at fault for an instant, but working beautifully, hit it off again; hustled their fox out of covert and ran into him in the open just beyond. It was a nice burst, all too short, but it served as an appetizer for what followed.

It was still early in the day and the warm rays of the sun were beginning to soften the surface of the ground, making the going better every minute. For more than an hour we worked on without results till we came, about noon, to a little patch of woodland not more than ten acres in extent, known as "Cloud's Wood". Into this hounds dashed with that peculiar keenness which often betokens that there is a fox at home, and sure enough, they had hardly gone in one side when we saw a stout old dog fox sneak out the other, and after taking a look around the hillside, trot quietly away. Thompson said never a word but waited patiently until hounds hit off the line in covert, spoke to it, and came tearing out into the open. For an instant they were at fault, and then casting themselves quickly, they hit off the line again and settled down with a burst of music. Now, one objection that many Americans make to the English hound is that he doesn't say enough, but the most captious critic could not find fault with the Brandywine bitches that day. They made all the music anyone could ask for, their high-pitched voices punctuated frequently by the deep note of old "Gallop". For half a mile the line was straight down-wind and then hounds swung sharply to the left and we found ourselves above the Unionville road with the pack at fault just below us. *

They hesitated an instant and then, without a word from Thompson, cast themselves into the field beyond. There were some cattle there and our fox must have run through them, for it was not until hounds had worked silently for at least five minutes that "Gallop" spoke. By the way the pack went to him it was easy to see that they trusted him implicitly. But our quarry had gained a long lead at this check, and, although hounds went on at a good pace for an hour and ten minutes, eventually marking him to ground and giving us a very good gallop, we never saw him again. A cold wind had sprung up and as we had had a good day's sport we turned our horses' heads towards home.

On the way an incident occurred which may amuse some of my readers, who will understand that it is

only a certain class of landowners who are represented by "Mr. Jones", as I shall call him. We wanted a couple and a half of hounds, and as Thompson and I jogged along, we saw an old man approaching, and thinking he might have seen the stragglers, we pulled up.

"We want some of our hounds", said Thompson. "Have you seen any, Mr. Jones?"

"No," came the gruff rejoinder. "Can't you fellows keep up with your hounds that they get away from you so easy?"

"Oh, yes, but three of 'em went wide."

"And you couldn't hear 'em? Ah! That's all then damned hounds are good for—they can't speak. Oh, I don't blame you", he went on, "you were badly brought up in a country where they don't know nothin' about foxhounds, and you can't help it."

I smiled to myself, but Thompson remained unruffled, and answered with the utmost good nature, "You don't like 'em, Mr. Jones?"

"They're no good. When did they ever catch a fox? You tell Mr. Mather to get some real good hounds."

Thompson smiled to himself, put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a pad of our fox of the morning, and held it out to Mr. Jones, saying as he did so, "Here's a little present I'd like to make you, Mr. Jones."

The man took it, glanced at it, and spluttered out, "Where did you get that?"

"Oh," said Thompson, "those bad hounds of mine killed him this morning over near Scott's."

Jones was fairly livid. "I love a good fox," he said. "I love a good fox and I hate a bad hound. Your damned hounds don't speak and they just sneaked up on that fox and mur-

dered him." And he stumped off down the road.

I roared with laughter—the man's whole attitude and his obstinacy were simply refreshing; and yet had he but known it, his hopes that better hounds (according to his view) might come into the Brandywine kennels, was one day to come true.

REST AND RELAX AT The Homestead Spa

Virginia Hot Springs

Far too many executives, under terrific pressure ever since Pearl Harbor, are far too close to the breakdown neither they nor their country can afford.

The rest and relaxation they must have await them at The Homestead, America's famous Spa at Virginia Hot Springs. Our natural mineral baths and other health aids, the wine-like mountain air, and the quiet pattern of life in the peaceful Alleghenies are magic tonics for taut nerves and exhausted energies.

Our booklet, "The Homestead Spa," and our special winter rates sent upon request.

THE HOMESTEAD, a 650-room hotel on its own mountain estate in the Virginia Alleghenies, is just overnight from you on the Chesapeake & Ohio Lines. Address inquiries to THE HOMESTEAD, Hot Springs, Virginia.



PILATE

Chestnut Horse, 1928

By Friar Rock—*Herodias, by The Tetrarch.

To October 1st 17 of Pilate's 2-year-olds had started

14 Had Won a Total of 28½ Races

Two Others Had Placed

One raced unplaced after injuring her back early in her training, and never approached the promise of top yearling trials.

Of the 17 2-year-olds, 15 showed form as high and in most cases considerably higher than their dam's.

One was out of a mare 20 years old. One was not precocious, but showed evidence of good stamina.

Fee \$400

Return

\$300 For stakes winners or dams of stakes winners

One year return if mare fails to get in foal. We reserve the right to reject any mare physically unfit.

A. S. HEWITT

Montana Hall

White Post, Virginia

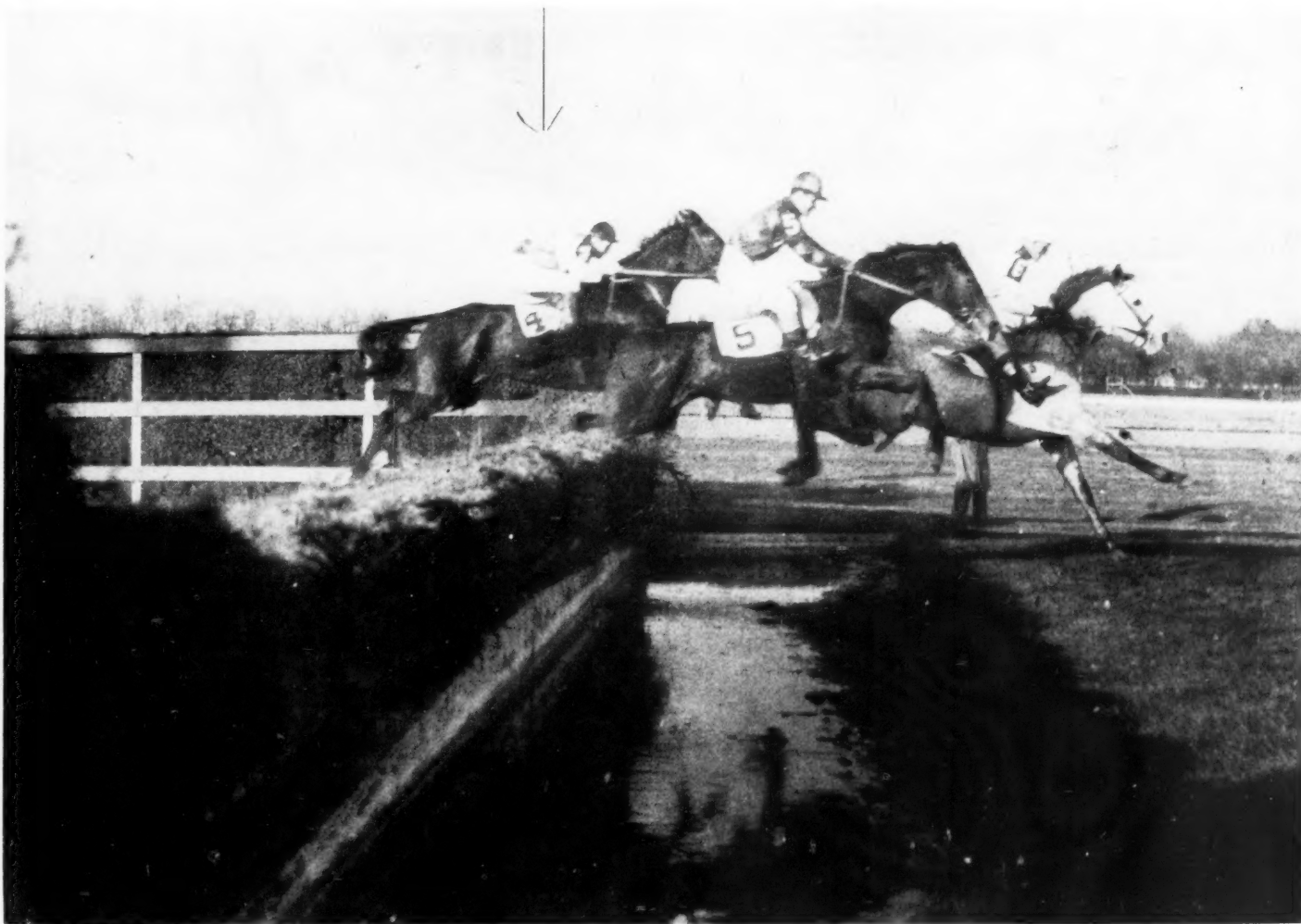
AT HUNT MEETS OF 1942



Left, John Strawbridge's WINTON, outstanding at the hunt meets, leads over the 21st fence in the Maryland Hunt Cup. Right, Mrs. A. S. Carhart's SIR ROMEO won the Virginia Gold Cup and then went on to win at Radnor.

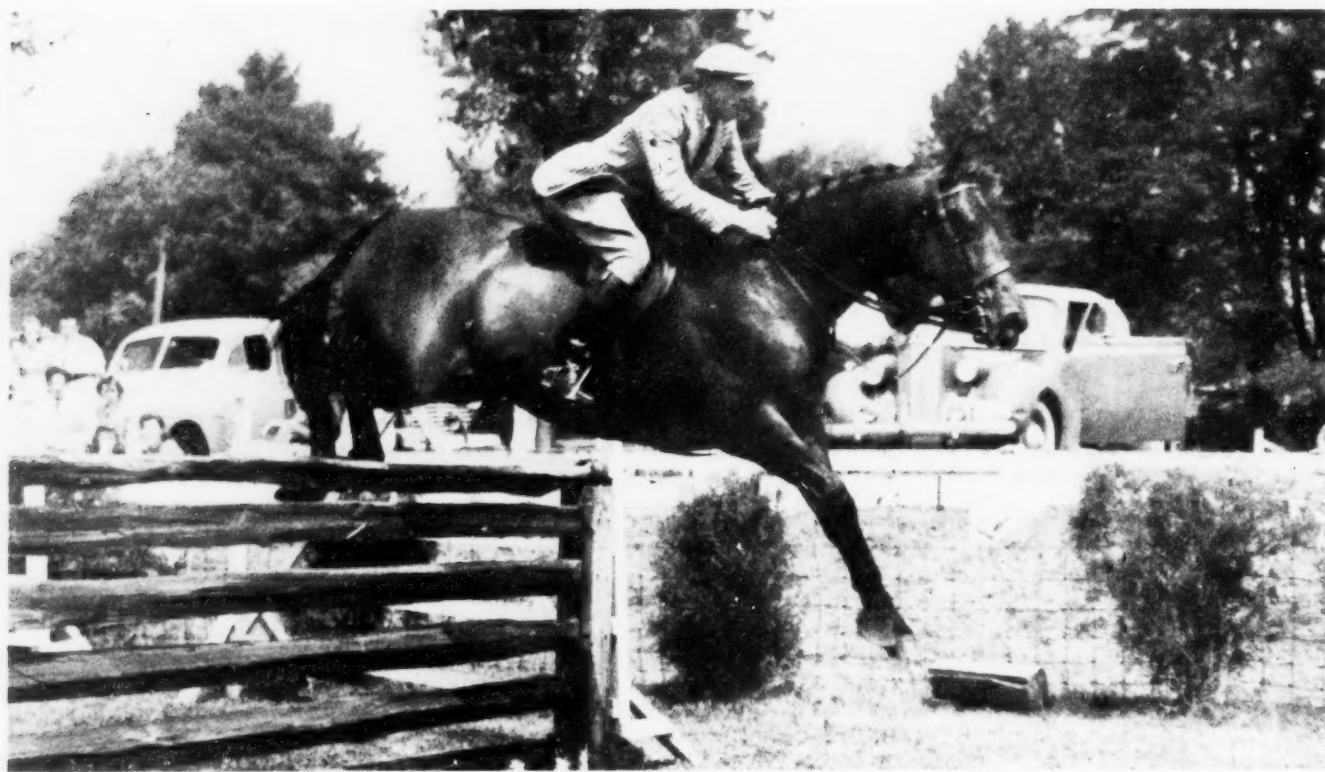


Left, William J. Clothier's ROCKLAND LAD wins R. N. Buckley Challenge Cup at Whitmarsh. Right, Lowry Watkins' ROCKMAYNE makes it two straight in the Iroquois Memorial Steeplechase.



One of the busiest 'chasers out this year, Isador Bieber's Imp. FREDERIC II. He started 2 consecutive days at Belmont, winning each outing and disqualified in one. He was in both days at United Hunts' Victory Meet, and also ran in the Temple Gwathmey Memorial and 2nd in a 3 & up event the 1st day.

CONFORMATION HUNTERS OF 1942



Top, C. V. Henkel's NORWOOD campaigned successfully and especially so in the North Carolina circuit; center, Mrs. Elizabeth Correll's Imp. DALCHOLIN was a good one in the Northern shows, and down the Southern way; left, Mrs. W. Haggin Perry's CORNISH HILLS, outstanding conformation hunter champion in the Eastern show circuit.

Notes From Great Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

Mount Lothian, Hero Of The Pontefract Track, Has Now Been Destroyed

Near Malton the other day I visited a garage which has been adapted for making munitions. There I found W. Binnie, the Malton trainer, and son of my old trainer friend of the same name, busily engaged doing war work. We had a chat during the course of which I asked him what had become of old Mount Lothian, the hero of Pontefract track, on which he won 10 races. Binnie told me (sadly) that owing to the difficulty of getting forage he had had to have the game old fellow painlessly put down. Many who so often 'drew' over the Pontefract specialist will regret to hear this. Mount Lothian was pensioned off in 1939, and, but for the war would have had a comfortable home and been well cared for as long as he lived. It is peculiar that another Malton stable—that presided over by W. Easterby—should have produced another animal which has set up another Pontefract record. I refer, of course, to Col. Lundgren's Rio Tinto, which won five races over the Yorks track mentioned. For at least three generations the Binnie family have been trainers. They hailed from Scotland and trained first at Gullane. The late W. Binnie, on leaving Scotland, first trained for a while at Middleham, after which he was for half a century at Malton. His forbears at one time horsed some of the mail coaches over the border, and almost as far back as Racing Calendars go, one finds they ran horses at Kelso, Edinburgh and other Scottish meetings. The present W. Binnie succeeded his father but when the war broke out, closed down his stable, as did Harold Bazley, Jack Mason and others at the same Turf centre. I fancy that few small trainers will next season take out a license for the old horses have gone, and they have had no yearlings sent them. In some cases they have had to refuse these as they cannot get men to look after them, and not many girls are experienced enough to break and hack yearlings. Those who are so experienced would possibly do better than a lot of the noisy, mutton-fisted boys who are put on these Thoroughbred babies. Many a racer's temper has been ruined in these early days.

The Late Capt. Wickham Boynton

When in the Malton district I heard many expressions of regret at the death of Capt. T. L. Wickham-Boynton, who has so long been prominent in the hunting and bloodstock breeding world. At Burton Agnes he had some first rate sires, he bred racers and hunters, was in much demand at shows as a judge, was long a Master of Hounds, and altogether a great sportsman with much influence. Although, with the exception of York, he did not go racing much, the Turf and the chase were part of his life, and in connection with both he had considerable influence and long played a great part. Only quite recently I had a letter from him with regard to the prospects for hunting now and in the future. Many of us have lost a real pal!

A Great Lincolnshire Trainer

Mr. A. Simpson writes to me to say that many would appreciate some notes regarding the late William Elsey of Baumber (Lincs) fame. I knew him well before Catty Crag was screaming favourite for the 1905 Lincoln Handicap. Six years later Elsey gave up training and died in 1922. He had a big string at Baumber, and it used to be said he trained his horses on the railway lines. Certainly few trainers ran their animals oftener, and many a clerk of the course only had to tell the Baumber trainer that certain races had not filled to get the required number of runners. A man of substance, he started by breeding bloodstock on his big Lincolnshire farm, but gave this up in 1893 when he started training. In 1904-5-6 he turned out more winners on the flat than any other trainer, and in 1904, with 40 horses, won 79 races, his apprentice, Elijah Wheatley, (now training in Egypt), riding most of the winners. The best horse Elsey ever had was Lord Edward, II, although Catty Crag was useful. He was by Wolf's Crag, and had 6st 5 only in the Lincoln Handicap. G. Bullock, an apprentice, rode him, and was beaten a head by Sansovino (7st 6). Ridden by E. Wheatley, carrying 9st, and with the odds 11-8 on, Catty Crag won the Handicap at Croxton a few days later. Next month, carrying 9st 5, he captured the Great Cheshire Handicap, and in May the Haydock Park Handicap of £1000. After this there was an offer to run Sansovino at even weights for £1000, but this challenge was not accepted. I have known the late William Elsey's son, Capt. Charles Elsey, now of Malton, ever since he followed his father in his profession, and can safely say that no man on the Turf has more respect and confidence than he. One has only to look at his list of distinguished patrons for confirmation of this.

Jockey Families

Genial jovial, generous Joe Taylor is to turn a free lance jockey next season. It doesn't mean that he'll be on the shelf, that he is aging, or has lost any of the confidence and dash with which he has always ridden. Neither does it mean that there has been any rupture between him and Harry Peacock, the Richmond trainer. What it does mean is that Peacock wishes to have a jockey light enough to ride all his horses, which, of course, Jot Taylor can't do. D Smith (who goes to scale at 7st), will therefore next season be the stable jockey for the Hurgill, Richmond, establishment. Joe is no chicken, for it is 30 years since he rode his first winner on Lord Ellesmere's Kingdom at Redcar. He is one of three brothers who became jockeys, and at one time clerks of the scales had to ask if it was Joe, David or Fred, so much alike were, at anyrate the first two. Three brothers Wragg are jockeys and countless brothers Doyle. There are three brothers Beasley jockeys and there were four brothers Balding holding licenses a few years ago. Several other families have all gone in for silk as a profession. There have been occasions on which three brothers and father and son have ridden in the same race, and it is usually found that then competition is keenest. Suspicious and irresponsible paddock babbler (always ready to imagine evil intent), sometimes suggest when brothers, or father and son ride against each other, that it is, what is called "a made up

job". Nothing is further from the truth, as those who have witnessed the tussles between Gordon and Cliff Richards, the brothers Wragg, and others know full well. They love to beat each other. Joe Taylor was apprenticed to J. Dawson, served in a Lancer Regiment in the last war, and used to breed gamecocks. He is quite an authority on poultry.

50 to 1 On Favourite Beaten

Recently I was asked to give an instance of a 33 to 1 on favourite being beaten. I then said I had no record of such an instance. I have now discovered one better. At Stock-

bridge in 1868 Mat Dawson had Julius and Gomera (both owned by the Duke of Newcastle) in the Cup. Julius was officially returned at 100-2 on, but was beaten by a head by his stable companion Gomera, ridden by T. French. Daley was on the favourite.

Horses Power Of Smell

I lunched this week with a well-known trainer and conversation turned to the olfactory powers of horses. This is evidenced by fastidiousness (particularly found in racehorses) if 'folsy' oats, musty hay, or

Continued on Page Eighteen

HUNTER DIRECTORY

TO HUNTER OWNERS

There are a great many horses being sold at this time. Many of them are going cheap, but the market is the schools and riding academies, where capable instruction is now the order. These sales will build up a market for future sales of good horses as these riders become more critical of what they are on. We suggest you keep your name before the horse world by registering in the Directory.

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The Chronicle

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(Middleburg, Virginia)

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THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

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Editorials

THE NEED OF BREEDING MARES

A man who is most active and exceedingly interested in breeding hunters was in the office the other day:—"Why not urge people to breed their mares this year?" Our reply was that we were laying stress on the matter pretty regularly. The reaction was that there cannot be enough stress placed on the need for breeding mares, raising horses.

We may be repeating what we have said in previous articles and editorials, probably we are, but here is the way we have the thing figured out. The world at War is using a great many horses, from "fighting on", "hauling with" down to "eating", if the papers are correct in their reports. The World, where there is war, has little time or opportunity to care for raising colts.

When fighting ceases, the real business of remaking the world will begin, every available form of traction will be needed, all over the world. It is all very well to say that there will be prime movers and jeeps going abegging. There may be, but they can't do all the jobs, nor can it be assured that gas and tires will be available.

Mares that are bred today, will mean horses that can go to work in 1947, even in 1946 they can do light work. Have you the picture of a carload of good useful, sound horses weighing around 1,500 pounds being made available to those who will be rebuilding the shell torn soil of some fighting area? One has only to have witnessed it after World War I to know what such a windfall means. There are shell torn areas all over the best of the civilized parts of Europe today, but there are no horses to provide traction, when it becomes urgent to have it, so that that world may eat.

Prices? Your guess is as good as ours. We were not thinking in terms of money-making at the moment, but in terms of international necessity. For those who are staying at home, it should not be asking too much of them to raise a colt or two, for the day of need, which is bound to come.

What kind of colt shall we raise? That is easy, cross your mares with the kind of stud that, provided he is available, will give the best chance of producing a USEFUL colt, that is the thing in a nutshell. If you have a clean bred mare, she has never given you much of a colt for hunting or racing, then cross her with one of the draft breeds, better still, a Jack. The colt will be economical to raise, he will always have a spot where he can go to work, in 1947-48.

If, on the other hand, you want to really raise a good one, on a fairly sure bet, then go to it, the poor ones on the tracks, in the hunting fields or riding schools can always be culled out. There will always be a place for a good horse.

This may sound too idealistic, but if you will figure rough raising the colt over a period of 4 years and sell him at a small margin, just figure you have done something worthwhile, there may be a high priced one in the fields somewhere that will serve to reduce your cost and add a little profit. The chief thing, we repeat, you will have done something worthwhile, by providing horses for a world that will need them at the time when they will be ready for use.

Letters to Editor

Only Three Left

To The Editor:

I have two letters to thank you for, one of Oct. 17th and another a week later. To begin with, I note that you are now just "The Chronicle"—I think the change is a good one. Your paper can surely stand on its own legs now.

I am this morning writing to Colonel D. W. McEnery, M. C., Station Hospital, Fort F. E. Warren, Wyoming, as you suggest. He probably will not know who the Devil I am, but I think he will forgive that.

I quite understand your needing time to consider about the "mechanics" in England. There is not the slightest hurry after all. Mails have been very irregular of late, but my Chronicle seems to get through with comparative regularity, though some what slowly. You must have a mass of my "truck" in your files, and if sport continues to be as good here as it has been recently, I shall probably have another story to send you before long. We had a really excellent day Monday. I was greatly interested to note the hand written announcement on the top of your letter about Lloyd. I hope he will look me up if he gets a chance; I shall be delighted beyond words to see him; for although we have never met, I feel as if I knew him quite well, and I hope that perhaps he feels the same about me.

The news is so good these days that I am almost afraid to turn on the radio for fear I shall be disappointed; but there have been no disappointments lately. I had a chap here to dinner last night who is an ex-M. F. H. of one of the English packs, (I don't think I had better mention his name—who is Captain of one of the Commandos who were at Dieppe a few weeks ago. He is a youngster—33—and is full of vitality as anyone I ever saw. I couldn't make him talk about Dieppe, so we talked hounds and hunting and horses all the evening and had a most delightful time. He is coming out with my hounds some day soon. I also had a letter from one of the best-known Masters of Hounds in England the other day, who had the following to say about the future of foxhunting:—

"It is very difficult to foresee what hunting will be like after the War. There will be much plough for some years, until foreign wheat becomes cheaper than home-grown; and I do not think people will stand a duty to keep up the price. Hunting will go on, when the boys get home, perhaps not in the luxurious way we used to enjoy. I cannot fancy living in the country without it."

He might not like his name used, which is my reason for not giving it; but I can assure you that he is a very important person.

I don't think there is much more to say this morning, beyond wishing you and The Chronicle a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and to tell you that Chamberlain adds his best wishes and regards to mine.

Always faithfully,

A. Henry Higginson.

We know that Mr. Higginson won't object to our giving our readers a letter written to us personally. After all, he is a very real "institution" for all of us. For his information and yours, his "mass of truck"

Mounted Units Auxiliary

January 1, 1931.

To the Editor:

After my hectic week in Washington I am enjoying a return to peaceful rural life and had a most busy and interesting trip, but one of my special regrets is that I did not have an opportunity to make acquaintances with you. I can not tell you, however, how much I appreciate the names that you gave me, and the few contacts I was able to make with the hunting people were invaluable. I am sure they will be of great aid to our Mounted Units auxiliary to the Motor Corps.

I have been waiting to write you as I wanted to get full information from Red Cross Headquarters in Washington of my plans for a Mounted Corps and this information arrived as a Christmas present. So from the first of the year the various Areas will be notified that a Mounted Corps auxiliary to the Motor Corps is in existence. They have followed most entirely the training program laid out by the United States Women's Polo Association and this program has proved of such interest to men that men will be allowed to join the Units. I wanted you to be one of the first to have this information as you were so kind in advising me. Mrs. Dean Bedford, Mrs. Cary Jackson, and Mrs. Frank McSherry all have copies of our training schedule. I would be most happy to have you look over one of these pamphlets and use such material as you would desire in your Chronicle. There would probably be enough material in the pamphlets that I sent them to have short articles in several of your weeklys. I don't see why you couldn't get some enthusiasm among your hunting groups there to use the Chronicle as a means of news for the Mounted Corps auxiliary to the Motor Corps activities.

Life magazine photographers spent a weekend with one of our Mounted Corps groups, the San Francisco Chapter, and their articles will be out soon. We have just been putting on a moving picture news reel of our Santa Cruz Chapter work and have had some "stills" taken which are quite good if you care to use any pictures. Once more let me thank you for your interest. We enjoy The Chronicle and we do look forward to the pleasure of meeting you again some day.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. Deming Wheeler.

I Hunted In Illinois

To the Editor:

I have been transferred from Camp Grant, Ill. to the 92nd General Hospital, Temple, Texas. Please change my mailing accordingly.

It was my good fortune to be able to hunt several times with Longmeadow this fall. Probably the realization that it would be some time before I will hunt again that made these days more enjoyable.

After two years in the service The Chronicle seems to be the only tie to the good old days of peace. It is my sincere hope that those at home make every effort to keep the greatest sport in the world alive.

Sincerely yours,

Major W. E. Looby, M. C.

Dec. 28, 1942.

Continued on Page Seventeen

is now reduced to danger point, only 3 stories on file—as usual they are all good ones. The Editor.

Beagles



Treweryn Beagles

By ROBERT P. W. HARRISON
Sunday, December 27th

From a 1 o'clock meet at Mr. Upton Sullivan's Gate, a field of some 25 sporting beaglers followed Treweryn hounds as they drew north across open fields of wheat and bean stubble, corn, and alfalfa in search of the tight-sitting, long-eared jack. Huntsman Bob Harrison wasted but little time drawing the 10½ couple pack on up into the upper Hicks farm, which had not been hunted thus far during the present season. As hounds were cast over the hill to cover the north part of this farm, not one but four hares were jumped by members of the field in the corn where the husked yellow ears lay in large piles—an excellent feeding ground for any jack rabbit.

It was about 4 o'clock this dark, overcast afternoon when hounds were brought back to the view halloo and cast quietly over the line of one of the hares which had moved away west into some rough undergrowth. The eager 10½ couples opened with great cry and, after working the strong scent through the thick weeds, swung lefthanded and drove away south out across corn and winter wheat to the road. The mercury had risen above the freezing mark this day, and scent held well in the damp, cold east breeze. A few keen nosed individuals were able to pick their quarry's trail down the road into the light wind, and presently they were joined in full chorus by the rest of the pack as the line led back into the meadow of the Hicks farm. Here at a momentary check, when hounds swung into the breeze, they struck the fresh line of a second hare and drove away south across the road and on down through the open pastureland.

Mender, Boisterous, and Tempter, three very keen second season youngsters by the noted Waldingfield sires, Minstrel and Terror, led the chorus-ing pack as they swung into the wind and went away at top pace. With never a check, hounds raced away east across the open farm land crossing two roads without a moment's hesitation and swinging lefthanded on into the broad meadow of the Young farm. Here hunt staff and a few fleet followers, running hard well behind, grabbed their panting breaths for a tense moment as they caught sight of the pack driving on across the ice of the small lake. Old Man Winter was good to Treweryn this day, and the ice held. Scent lay breast high, and the merry beagles fairly flew away north up across the open grass fields out of sight and hearing.

When winded followers got to hounds after this very fast 35 minutes, the pack had run to a loss on the long driveway of the Lewis farm. Working diligently north along the drive, Fiddler (Treweryn Forger

—Thorpe Satchville Pancake) and Gadfly (Treweryn Forger—Gamestress) were just able to touch it here and there. Hounds opened up on an old cart path through the woods, but all noses finally came up when this path led out onto another hard driveway. Further along the pack spoke a line that led through a barway. Here the hunted hare must have started in and then changed her mind, for, try as they might, the hard working hounds were unable to carry it on across this field. Back on the road Gadfly continued to show a lot of interest, and Fiddler opened once. Although the huntsman tried on for a good way, hounds were never able to prove where this crafty hare left the winding drive. Only 8 of the original field of 25 beaglers still followed as the pack drew back across the grass fields of the Lewis farm. But a fresh hare was not to be found this afternoon, and the huntsman's horn called hounds home shortly after 5 o'clock.

New Year's Day

Fifteen keen beaglers met the Treweryn pack at White Horse Friday afternoon to celebrate the New Year with a bit of sport behind hounds in pursuit of the elusive hare. Let it be said here that the hope of Treweryn followers, one and all, is that before another New Year falls 'round, Capt. David B. Sharp, Jr., our master and huntsman, and the many other Treweryn regulars now serving on the fighting fronts of the United Nations, will be back once again to enjoy a day of sport in the field with hounds.

A damp breeze blew out of the southwest, the sky was overcast, and the ground was damp from the heavy rains earlier in the week giving promise of fair scenting conditions, this first day of January, 1943, when the mercury ranged in the forties. It was well after 3 o'clock when Treweryn's huntsman moved off from the meet with the eager 10½ couple pack and drew across the Chuckwood meadows, around Happy Hill and down into Providence Farm.

About 3:40 a big hare moved off ahead of hounds through the corn. The searching pack with noses ever close to the ground struck the fresh line with roaring cry and drove away east up across the open grass land. Scenting proved good, and swinging righthanded the keen little 13-inchers raced away south into the Thomas farm and on out onto the Providence road where Gadfly (Treweryn Forger—Gamestress) with her brawling voice carried the line right down the middle. Presently little Steady (Ch. Lippincott's Searcher—Pemberton Bracelet) proclaimed the trail of their quarry as it led into the southwest corner of Kirkwood Farm. Suddenly up jumped the hunted hare right in front of the working hounds, and with a glorious burst of music the pack ran screaming away north on a close, driving sight chase. Quickly losing view of the fleet jack, hounds drove on at a fast pace crossing the road back into Providence Farm. Proclaiming the fresh, strong scent with ringing cry, the merry beagles swung lefthanded and hunted on away down into the corn.

For about an hour Treweryn hounds gave driving chase to this elusive, long-eared hare across the open, rolling White Horse countryside. Members of the hunt staff running hard and cutting to view and cry were put to it to keep on good terms with the driving 13-inchers, while at the same time older members of the field who kept to the high ground were able to see a great deal of the sport, for this crafty jack led

Rose Tree

Continued from Page One

rens. On a check at the crest of the hill beyond the Barren woods we scanned the fields and meadows for a view. We had about given up hope when Louis, who has the eyes of a hawk, exclaimed "Dah he!" As he traced his line for us we viewed a red footing his way in lazy grace across the distant meadow. He knew God was on his side—via the wind! Hounds picking up the line, followed him into Gradyville woods from whence he started. Here, with the idea, doubtless, that he'd had a satisfying daily dozen, he went to earth.

Thursday, Dec. 24. I thought I had everything organized so that I could a-hunting go today, but there are too many and varied personalities in my household for effective regimentation. About noon I gave up hope. I must record, however,—and 'tis against my will!—a heart warming run of an hour and a half for the fortunate baker's dozen that left the Kennels at two o'clock. Hounds found in Allen's Hollow a fox of sporting heritage to lead them through Mr. Austin's, Dr. Hutchinson's and Mrs. Bodine's on splendid loops and circles for one of the good runs of the season. Finally, after a sally into the Four Horsemen fields, he doubled back into Allen's Hollow and went to earth. Perhaps he spent his Christmas Eve dreaming of the prowess of Rose Tree hounds!

Christmas Day. Hounds met at Sycamore Mills at eleven o'clock. A field of about twenty-five. The weather still cold. The going tricky with solid ice beneath the upper crust softening in the sunshine. It was a morning of good sport with four foxes light-footing their way in and out of the picture. No long runs, however, no stout hearted fox to challenge the endurance and courage of hounds and hunters. The one of the four to give the best run was

her relentless pursuers on an intricate and ever circling course. Followers enjoyed many good views of the driving little pack and their fleet-footed quarry and witnessed 3 more long, racing sight chases when the hunted hare would jump up, as it seemed, from right under hounds' noses, quickly out-distance the chorus-ing pack, and disappear from view over the hill.

It was getting well on towards 5 o'clock as hounds hunted on at a somewhat slower pace circling east across the Kirkwood pastureland. South of the kennels the line became very spotty, indeed. Picking the faint scent here and there, the keen nosed pack managed to work the now cold trail across the road back into Providence Farm and on into Chuckwood. Here scent seemed to fail completely, and, as a cold drizzle began to fall over the winter countryside, hounds were taken in.

Hounds will meet for January 1943, all meets at 3:00 P. M.

10, Mr. Upton Sullivan's Gate.

17, Mr. Stockton White's B-ryn Clovis Farm.

24, Mr. Upton Sullivan's Gate. Lieut. and Mrs. Ford B. Draper invite the Field to tea at the Radnor Hunt Club.

31, Messrs. Thomas Brothers' Farm. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron MacLeod invite the Field to tea at The Leopard.

We will meet train arriving at Paoli Station at 2:29 P. M.

St. Stockton White, Cameron MacLeod, Jr., Acting Joint Masters.

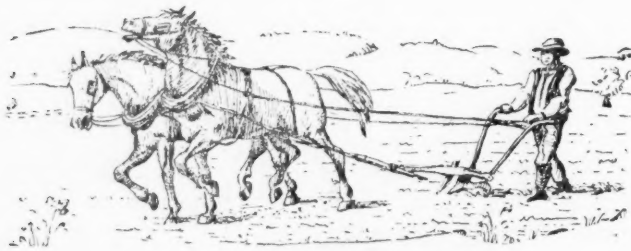
speedy but luckless—someone suggested he was a visitor from Radnor new to our country. He led through Black Oak Woods, up the hill, and through Black Oak Farm over the barway, into the fields and across Providence Road as if he were heading for Garret Williamson's. But in the deep thickets on the side of the hill above the creek he made a mistake and hounds, I regret to relate, had a Christmas dinner. The only time I fail to adore hounds is when I see them licking their chops over an ill fated red fox. The brush went to Mrs. Griffin and the mask to George Johnson on furlough from the Remount Station at Front Royal. George, by the way, has not forgotten how to hunt foxes. On the big run the next day he was one of two still there when Heller finally called off hounds.

Saturday, Dec. 26. Hounds met at Gradyville instead of at Ivy Mills. Reason—going too treacherous for long hack up country. Hounds found at once in the Gradyville woods. The Tuesday fox perhaps, for he followed much of the same line but even with more turns and twists. A smart old boy that knew his way about town! We nearly lost him on a circle through the woods. But M. F. H. Alexander Sellers insisted on casting on a certain line. "Are you sure the fox came this way, Mr. Sellers?" queried "Bobbie" Brooks, as our Master blew his horn for huntsman and hounds. "Sure?" said Mr. Sellers. "Is one ever sure of anything in fox hunting!" But he had the satisfaction of knowing he had diagnosed correctly when hounds picked up the line of the wily red and with no uncertain tonguing led away through the lower woods to the Street Road Barrens and thence across the road and over the set-in into the meadow, on through Baker's and across the fields on a wide loop back to the Gradyville woods, a run of an hour or more with fast going in between checks. But more's to come! At second-hand, however, for I had to pull out. (I am beginning to wonder what price family life!) Drawing back towards the club through the Ima Barrens, hounds gave tongue—this was about two o'clock—and followed a gallant untiring fox for more than two hours. "Buck" Heller thinks he was a visitor, perhaps from Village Green or Long Point because no "regular" has ever followed such a line. He led across the Creek through Blue Hill and El Rancho into the Hart's where he doubled back through Mr. Jefford's chicken farm and Windy Hill into Black Oak Farm. Up over the hill he sped and down again to the creek where he crossed over on solid ice, the whole pack in full throated chorus following close on his brush. He led over Round Top to the Sheep Farm where he turned left to Poplar Hill and left again through Mr. Walls' to the Barren Road. On through the Barrens and through the Marr's to Rose Tree Road. To the right up the creek he led across the Baltimore Pike into the Elwyn Training School grounds and thence across the road towards the Hanums. Here, as it was now about 4:30, and hounds and horses had been going steadily over difficult heavy terrain since eleven o'clock, Heller called off hounds and let the stranger speed on alone to his distant home. May he soon return!

Tuesday, Dec. 29. No hunting today. Water—water everywhere after thirty-six hours of dogged, unremitting rain. Such wet rain!

Happy New Year to all!! P. G. G.

FARMING in WAR TIME



Propaganda Succumbs To Fact

BY RANK C. FORBES

When I came to Virginia in March 1942 as Eastern Representative for The American Shorthorn Breeders' Association, I found Shorthorns running a poor third to the other popular beef breeds. This was due, I soon discovered, entirely to propaganda spread by promoters of the other breeds. This propaganda had such far-reaching effect that one cattleman, a former breeder and feeder of Shorthorns, asked me whether it was true that the breed was practically extinct. Imagine that, when the registration office was enjoying one of the most highly successful periods in its history, the office force having to be increased and put on full time in order to handle applications for memberships, registrations and transfers.

Many cattlemen with whom I talked, although admitting preference for "Durhams," vowed that the red, white and roan cattle sold below values paid for the other breeds in community sales and at market places. Knowing that well-finished Shorthorns were topping central market in the West, often outselling the other breeds, I just couldn't believe that they were not capable of holding their own in the East. But it was true. Propaganda is a viper whose deadly venom reaches deep into men's minds. Truth is the only reliable antidote for such poison. People will listen to truth, especially when it is given them in conjunction with commonsense.

It was not long before Shorthorns sold off grass at Front Royal, Va., at the sale's top price. Cattlemen had begun to see the light. But the Front Royal event was just the beginning. Followed sales of feeder calves. Upwards of 5,000 head of feeder calves, steers and heifers, were sold throughout Virginia and other Eastern States. At Christiansburg, Va., 517-pound calves fetched a shade more than \$73.00 a head, the highest-selling lot in the offering. At the calf sale in Culpepper,

Va., Shorthorn steers scaling 472 lbs., brought \$65.50, heifers \$63.50. The top price paid for calves of the other breeds was \$61.67 for steers, and \$49.12 for heifers. One breed had to be content with \$51.31 on steers, and \$41.41 on heifers. It doesn't require an expert mathematician to figure which calves were the most profitable.

In the feeder-calf sale at Lewisburg, W. Va., held on Oct. 3, there were no straight-bred Shorthorns, but the high-selling lot fetched \$90.00. They were 610-pound steers that displayed a preponderance of Shorthorn blood. Another lot of the same sort of cattle, weighing 541 lbs., fetched \$86.00. Other lots of cross-bred steers, scaling from 380 lbs. to 557 lbs., brought a price range of \$62.50 for the lightest cattle, to \$76.00 for a lot weighing 509 lbs. The highest-selling straight-bred Hereford steer weighed 676 lbs. and sold for \$73.00, with a trend downward to \$50.00 paid for a 329-pound Hereford.

At Asheville, N. C., on Oct. 7, I saw the best over-all Club Calf Show and Sale that I've ever witnessed. There wasn't a doggy steer in the show. The champion, which was also the high-selling steer, was a roan whiteface, and the reserve champion, the second highest seller, displayed the telltale markings of the Shorthorn in his freckled face.

Those who are laboring under the erroneous impression that Shorthorn steers can't win in shows against competition of other breeds have only to hark back to 1939 when at the Virginia State Fair a registered Shorthorn defeated 87 Hereford and Angus steers to win the grand championship of the show. And the grand champion steer at the Club Show in Rocky Mount, N. C., last fall, was a Shorthorn-Hereford cross.

The foregoing is fact taken from the records. Figure it out for yourself.

Prominent Texas Rancher Preferred The Shorthorns

BY RANK C. FORBES

The late Joe Green was ordered by his Illinois doctor to hightail it to Texas and die. Joe obeyed the pill dispenser, went to Texas immediately, but it took him 40 years to pass over the great divide. Not until he had acquired an interest in Taft Ranch near Corpus Christi, and as its manager, amassed a sizable fortune, did he relinquish his hold on things earthly.

Whether a better cattleman than Joe Green ever rode herd in Texas or any other state is debatable. Not only did he build up a wonderful commercial herd but also founded and maintained one of the top collections of registered Shorthorns in the Southwest. The soul of honor, Joe's friends were legion, and as a host he was 100 per cent plus.

During World War I, The American Shorthorn Breeders' Association sent me down to the Taft Ranch to buy a couple of Shorthorn bulls with which to fill an order from Brazil. The order specified that the bulls must come from tick infested country else they couldn't withstand the onslaughts of the pesky vermin down there.

My train pulled into Gregory, a small town on the ranch, at 4:30 in the evening. Joe was there to meet me. His first words of greeting were, "Do you like to shoot ducks and geese as well as your dad?" I assured him that I had inherited all my father's love for hunting and had added some to it.

Without further comment, Joe strode across the street, threw my bag in a waiting car, and bluntly asked, "What sort of gun do you shoot?" Replying that I'd used everything from a musket to an automatic, he stepped into a hardware store, took a new pumpgun from the window, and returning to the car, tossed it onto the back seat. Then we were away over the level prairie to the flowing well where waterfowl flocked from salt water to do their drinking. What a sight! The air was filled with birds of all kinds and color. Fresh water was scarce in Southwest Texas, it not having rained more than a slight shower in twenty-seven months. Except earthen reservoirs fed by windmills to supply stock water, the flowing well was the only water hole for miles round. We went home with a car full of ducks and geese.

Next morning we viewed the cattle, both the commercial herd and the pure-bred Shorthorns. That evening we were again back at the flowing well. This kept up for several days. We had eaten our fill of ducks and geese, and had supplied all the citizenry, including Mexicans. I told Joe that I was fed up on shooting; that I didn't relish killing game without having use for it. "Anyway,"

I said, "I'm down here to buy bulls." "Well, have you seen anything that you think will fill the bill?" Joe inquired.

"Yes, I'd like to have those two yearlings that headed their respective classes at Fort Worth recently."

"All right. I'll sell you those two bulls at \$500 each, provided you'll let me pick two calves from your

Continued on Page Nineteen

HERD DIRECTORY

In order to assist readers of The Chronicle who pay especial attention to maximum production from their farms, we present this directory of the owners of good herds of the country. We hope that it will prove of benefit to those who sell and also buy.

MARYLAND

ABERDEEN-ANGUS BEEF CATTLE
PERCHERON DRAFT HORSES
MONOCACY FARMS Frederick, Md.

VIRGINIA

CHAPEL HILL FARM
ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE
Herd sire Eric 2nd of Redgate 597295
T. B. and Bangs Accredited
DAVID E. DONOVAN, Mgr.
Chapel Hill, Berryville, Va.

POLLED SHORTHORN BEEF CATTLE
International Grand Champion Bulls
on straight Scotch Foundation females.
Top converters of grass into beef at weight for age.

MR. AND MRS. A. MACKAY SMITH
Farney Farm White Post, Va.

MONTANA HALL SHORTHORNS
Cows from the best horned and polled families
Will calve to OAKWOOD PURE GOLDx
A few promising calves (horned and polled)
now available
White Post, Va.

WEST VIRGINIA

OLIVEBOY REGISTERED HEREFORDS
FRANCE DOMINO (MISCHIEFS)
JAMES M. WOLFE
Charles Town, W. Va. Phone 5-7-24

Herberts Hill Farms Inc.

R. D. 6, West Chester, Pa.
Aberdeen-Angus Cattle
Home of the Senior and Junior Champion cows and the Junior Champion bull of the Reading and Allentown Fairs of 1942.
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SEE OUR OUTSTANDING CALF CROP
JOHN GEROW, Manager

Learn About the Three Kinds of SHORTHORNS FREE Booklets

- 1 "Farm the Dual Way." A practical illustrated booklet. Will help you make more money on your farm with easy fleshed, high-producing Milking Shorthorn cows.
- 2 "Polled Shorthorns." Complete. Fully illustrated. Tells all about this great hornless beef breed and where to buy foundation stock.
- 3 "Farm Security with Shorthorns." Cram-full of educational facts and pictures on what Shorthorns can do for you and why they are the Universal Breed.

Tell us which you want—we'll do the rest!
AMERICAN SHORTHORN BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION
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Provides world-wide protection on all personal effects and household furnishings against practically any loss or damage.

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GOLDENS BRIDGE IN 1941



R. Laurence Parish, M.F.H. on his favorite mount, CORRIGAN; Mrs. Parish on her hunter, DIXIE GIRL; Richard L. Parish, Jr. on MATA HARI.



Goldens Bridge Hounds Hunt Team at Fairfield and Westchester Hunter Trials. Richard L. Parish, Jr. on CORRIGAN; Lt. Carlo Paterno on GOLDENMAS; Daniel M. McKeon on GRANARD.



Goldens Bridge Hounds' Hunt Staff. Benjamin Funk, huntsman; Maurice B. Fell, 1st Whipper-in and Stuart Myers, 2nd Whipper-in.



Maurice B. Fell, 1st Whipper-in on BEN HUR and Stuart Myers, 2nd Whipper-in on THE TATLER.



Harry Worcester Smith, ex-M.F.H. talking with Capt. Amos Horst and Mrs. R. Laurence Parish talking to Homer Gray, M.F.H. of Rombout Hunt at the opening meet of Goldens Bridge Hounds, October 12, 1941.



Young entry. Children of Mr. and Mrs. R. Laurence Parish. Diana, seven years old, Michael, four years old with their grandmother, Mrs. Francis Emile Navroth.

CHRONICLE CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM FAR AFIELD



First row: Marshall Hawkins, Rhode Island; Dick Kirkpatrick, abroad; Stoney Walton, Virginia; Adele Davies, Canada, Marion K. Taylor, abroad.
 Second row: Lt. Wm. O. Bridge, Michigan; Stacy B. Lloyd, Jr., abroad; James and Alma Caperton, V.M.I., Virginia; Valley Hunt Club, Pennsylvania.
 Third row: Loycene Stobbart, Iowa; Pat White, Oregon; From Iowa; J. Carol Tischinger, Maryland.
 Fourth row: Margy Creer, Virginia; United Hunts Racing Assn., New York; Mrs. Harry Evinger, Ohio.

Men And Ponies

Continued from Page One

professional players—fine hitters, that were always good for putting on a spectacular show when a chukker was about to get dull.

Second, financial designs had, for a number of years, been cunningly tinging the reputedly exclusive sport. Clubs had sudden origin in suburbia Edendales and behind their promotion lay the hidden purpose of using a traditional prestige of the game to bring revenue to a hotel, or perhaps, boost the sale of land. This commercial patronage was, excepting in a few rare instances, of a penurious sort. It was usually controlled so much by balance sheets and ledgers that it had a ruinous influence on polo. All the "10 goal men in China" were cajoled into these free clubs with the consequence that the public were asked to see a type of polo invariably bad.

How, one may ask, could the galloping game give any practical help in filling a hotel or selling real estate? It has, in more than one case. Indeed, strange as it may seem, the winter playground of the nation's sun-seekers had its first social stimulus and appreciable rise in land values around polo.

In 1917, the developer of Miami Beach—the late Carl Graham Fisher, was searching for an infallible method of attracting to the new resort lot buyers of affluence and, as a possible means to this end, decided to establish a polo club. He already was paying the bills of a yacht club that didn't show profits and neither did the golf course which he had carved out of the jungle. The polo institution, he thought, might do the trick and return, at least, part of the few millions he had so far sunk in the Island's development. It did, away beyond his expectations.

He asked Robert S. Bullock, the (then) manager of the Dayton Polo Club, to go to Miami Beach and arrange the layout of two fields. Mr. Bullock, a graduate of Miller Bros., of Rugby, England, had a complete knowledge of the game's requirements. His experience, both as a player and manager, had been wide and varied. He had hit the ball up to such notables as the present Winston Churchill and the late King of Spain and had also, on occasion, taken it away from many of the best players in Europe. When he first went to Miami Beach he was at the top of his form; a superb horseman and really clever on the ball.

Bob, (as he was known to everyone) mapped out a playing area in the center of the then many vacant acres south of Lincoln Road—the thoroughfare that is now the fashionable place for women to buy \$35.00 shoes and \$400.00 dresses. He helped to get polo under way and has since, seasonally, wintered at the resort.

The first batch of ponies arrived in the fall of '18. They were turned loose in the open, in a hastily-built corral where they took their oats from soap boxes until such time as the stable interiors were completed.

The opening game was played on Christmas day by a line up which, in the attrition of years, has retired long since to the safety of the sidelines. One team—the brothers Talbott—Harold Jr., and Nelson with George Mead and J. D. Platt, represented the Dayton Polo Club. The other side, was, I believe, a scratch four—Prentice Conley, Bud Rader, Graham Miles and La Roche Anderson.

Fisher, although nearing the age of 50, bravely gathered a string of ponies and, under the tuition of Bob Bullock, was soon able to take a useful place at number 1. He played with a sort of quiet enthusiasm and turned out to be more than worth his one goal rating. In all his years in polo, on his eleven fields, he always was a generous loser and, when he got the jewelry or hardware, a reserved winner. Altogether, he was a very creditable example of friendly competition. He made no great improvement as a horseman but nevertheless seemed to get as much fun out of the game as any ten goal man. He was really an anxious participant in a wild gamble and probably had many a delirious thrill wondering whether or not there were any lot buyers among his naive team mates. If so, it never was noticeable.

J. D. Platt was the first of the visiting ball hitters to show any interest in local real estate. This, however, was not of his own volition. It came about when he was offered 50 feet on the main stem—Lincoln Road, for one of his mounts, a keen, black mare, named **Hip Hip**.

Carl Fisher wanted to add the pony to his string in exchange for the lot, currently valued at \$1,700. In cash this would have returned a fair profit on the \$400, which the mare had cost in Virginia. Mr. Platt considered the offer for a time and finally rejected it, believing it would take several thousand dollars to replace his exceptional pony. Even the temptation of a guarantee that the property should soon bring \$5,000 wouldn't induce him to change his mind.

To his discomfiture a fortune revolved, literally spun, for a few years around the rejected offer. Here, in short, are the ups and downs of the pony and the polo player and the mercurial rise of the 50 foot lot. The lot sold in nine months for \$4,500 and before the year passed again changed title. The price, this time, was \$15,000.

In '22 Mr. Platt was compelled, for financial reasons, to dispose of his stable. **Hip Hip** joined the string of H. E. Talbott at a nominal price. In 1923 the lot went to a new owner at the amazing figure of \$45,000. The pony, in the same year, was sold to R. H. Hassler. In '25, two years later, **Hip Hip** was being loaded on a horse car for shipment to Aiken, S. C., and had the misfortune to slip while being walked up the gangway. She was badly injured and had to be destroyed.

A shoe store—I. Miller, now stands on the property offered for the pony. The lot, without the building, would now bring \$1,200 a front foot. That, of course, adds up to a mere \$60,000.

As for Mr. Platt, he has since operated a night club, speculated in real estate, mined gold and dabbled in the stock market, all, so far, without recovering his lost wealth of 1922.

In that first season of Florida polo, beginning players, if they were high in the ratings of finance, were equally as welcome as those whose only asset might be the envied handicap of 7 or 8 goals.

Robert H. Hassler of Indianapolis was then starting in the heroic pastime which in its fascinations was to lure him into building a dozen polo fields, here and there. He was being indirectly mounted by Henry Ford. He had just finished exploiting and sending on its profitable way, a simple shock absorber of his own invention. The coil of springs, shaped like a cone, was providing resiliency for almost every Ford on the road and its large sale had

enabled Mr. Hassler to ship a fair-sized string of ponies to Miami Beach. One, I recall, was a particularly good-looking mare, a chestnut named **Gallery Girl**. She had, I believe, formerly belonged to J. C. Cooley.

George Miller, also a newcomer to polo, shipped a carload of sale ponies from Texas for that first season, also for the following season. Mr. Miller, when I last saw him, was in the best craftsmanship of an expensive tailor. In '18 he wore the conventional garb of a Texas horseman with the oddity of a special liking for a tightly woven panama. For this headpiece he willingly paid \$150, and wouldn't he swore, as a saving for this extravagance, give any more than 25 cents for a pair of socks.

At his ranch in San Antonio, he owns (according to a 1939 Pictorial feature in Life) one of the world's largest nurseries for polo ponies. His start as a polo dealer was somewhat belated after being pushed by the automobile out of a livery stable business in Austin. And when there were no further calls for a horse and buggy he headed north with a Brownie camera and on the picket line of a mid-west field made snapshots of standard polo types. With this first hand record of what was wanted in the trade he returned to Texas and bought prospects comparable with the models photographed.

He prospered, as he thoroughly deserved. His success was due, in a large part, to his tireless energy in making a pony. A firm belief in the virtue of work, both for himself and his tyros, had him patiently nagging green ones all day long.

In his many years as a dealer he has introduced countless good ponies into the game, also several players who developed to be outstanding. He took Cecil Smith, the perennial 10 goal man, away from the allegedly romantic vocation of punching cattle and another hard hitter, Rube Williams from the same profession. The latter supported a handicap of 7 or 8 goals and for a time had all the promise of attaining the maximum rating. Another of George Miller's early finds—Carl Crawford (now, or lately in the movie colony at Hollywood) also, at his start, made phenomenal progress. Carl had formerly traded punches in the prize ring. He showed all the tenacity of the so-called fistic science when he first came onto the polo field. His aggressiveness, however, was courteous and quickly earned for him a rating of 5 goals.

Under Fisher's auspices polo passed into its second season showing definite signs of leaning to the black side of the ledger. Mr. Hassler had invested heavily in local property. The Talbott family owned a large slice of land on the Bay and Mr. L. A. Young, a player who made cushion springs for the Ford model T, found himself owning no less than two homes on the Beach.

Business was certainly picking up but not enough to meet the costs of operating all day sand suckers. Something had to be done about it and that, without delay, as always was the case when the Beach builder made up his mind. He was an astute analyst of the critical public and realized, after his season's acquaintance with the game, that from the spectators' viewpoint there was an awful boredom in slow polo. The same applied to the men who could hit the ball and found themselves with team mates who were dubbing it. From now on Fisher wanted polo at its best because he knew it would pay in the long run.

Continued on Page Seventeen

To Owners Of Mares

This year, at Llangollen Farm, I have the same stallions. I sincerely believe that breeding mares, is not only good business, but a practical, patriotic gesture. The foals from this year's breeding will be available to replenish the depleted European field, as well as to maintain our own demand of the future.

To encourage owners of likely mares to take this attitude and benefit from it, I am offering services at these figures—

STEPENFETCHIT, the sire of **PAT O'SEE**, holder of the track record at Garden City over $\frac{3}{8}$ mile, time 1.0 2/5, winner of 5 races; also of **ILFETCHIT**, winner of a lot of races this year, can be used for \$50 to ordinary mares. To especially approved mares, in our opinion, he can come to you free. I do this as I feel that **STEPENFETCHIT** has proved himself on good mares and should be given further chance to prove his ability to get fast racehorses.

GREAT WAR, a **MAN O' WAR** horse out of an **IMP. STEFAN THE GREAT** mare, is available for \$20.

NIGHT LARK, by my hunting stallion **BONNE NUIT**, out of the best hunting mare I have ever owned—**POULETTE** by **IMP. COQ GAULOIS**, is here for \$15

BONNE NUIT, a hunter as well as a jumper champion, who needs no introduction, has 4-year-olds with the same manners and poise as their sire, he can be used for \$20.

The driving pony stallion, who won the "gentlemen's class" at Syracuse, and he is one, is here for \$5.

*Lastly, any of the pure bred heavy draft percheron stallions can be used for \$10. Among them is **CAR TUNNEY**—undefeated in Ohio, both in all age stallions and the 2-year-old class.*

Llangollen is handy to send mares to, Norman Haymaker will take good care of them. I hope you will take advantage of this offer, which I assure you, is made with the honest desire to help the horse breeding program of this year.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY

Upperville, Virginia

WAR and the HORSE



The Horse On The Fronts

Here are some oddments that pertain to the horse on the various fronts, where the United Nations are ready to or already are advancing.

Lets start at home, the 2nd Division of Cavalry is to be organized, probably starting in February. It is said, but not authenticated, that Harry W. Johnson, a West Point man, captain of the 10th Cavalry in 1937, will have an important role in the organization. Probable place of Division Headquarters is unknown, definitely it will be a colored division. With the 9th and 10th used as the cadre. A splendid base from which to work.

Now going to India, they have there, mostly Air Corps, there is a cry for Cavalry, a definite spot for them, the terrain lends itself to such troops, maybe the powers that be will see fit to accede to the call, American Cavalry trooped with the Indian Cavalry, both British and native Indian, would not have to take a back seat by any means, for effective service. Certainly it would weld the entente cordiale.

Then in China, at present the Chinese have scattered units in the north, poorly equipped, not organized with sufficient trains to operate in large units. They are fighting a guerrilla warfare, all they can do. China would welcome a Cavalry Division or a Corps, to operate as such. But at the suggestion, they laugh, for they are needing so much and seem to have difficulty in obtaining assistance.

Stop and think, with Cavalry in force in the north of China and Stillwell operating in the south with Cavalry assistance, the Japanese would be hard put to maintain supremacy in that sector. In addition to Cavalry, give them supporting heavy stuff, in weapons and pack fighting units. The ever staunch Chinese General would indeed be heartened. Admitted that the difficulty of transporting them over any route other than the West to East—is a man sized task, but capable of accomplishment, it is in the picture and may be on the schedule for performance at some date that the General Staff must decide on.

In coordination with this thought, there is always the statement of General Joe Stillwell when he said his Chinese troops had taken a hell of a beating but they would be back. General Wavell is said to be moving south along the Bay of Bengal, it may be the start of the comeback, over that difficult terrain, horses and mules seem to be a needed aid to the advance. One thing is certain,

the retaking of the rich and valuable Burma, Thailand and Indo-China would be a stroke against Japan that would make a difference that is hard to estimate. It is to be hoped that conditions are such that this aid to the war of southern Asia can be given without too much delay.

So much for the horse in that sector, its use is not questioned, the ability to get bottoms to the zone seems to be a question of whether the Mediterranean can be used as the road; if or when it can, there will be a much lighter job on the hands of those who have to maintain that Service of Supply.

Now turning to North Africa, there is a survey of the problem of available feed, what can be grown, how much the Germans have taken out or destroyed. In fact they are thinking in terms of horses, not so much for Cavalry at this stage but for short haul work. Horses could be taken there without much difficulty, judging by the ease with which the vast Armada of the invading convoy was recently taken over. If they do take our horses and mules over there, it will be vastly interesting to see just how well our Remount Service has chosen its animals. For they will be going into a country where the heat in the summer will prove their worth, and the constant work they will be called on to perform will try their staying powers right from the first landing. Undoubtedly, the question of who will handle them has been taken into consideration. In the last war Cavalry was sent over to handle the Remount problem, horses moving up for replacements, moving back for hospitalization, etc. Maybe the same will be done this time.

With our essentially "machine minded" general officers, it is hoped they will allow the factor of understanding of horses to predominate in their decision of the officer personnel to take care of stock. If they only look for efficiency in command, they are liable to end up with a costly addition to their overseas army. It is certain they should give the animal the chance it must have, to give of its best.

Make His Task Easier

To The Editor:

The Chronicle arrived and, if Gordon Wright's observation of the depressing effect of mail from home is accurate, then some measures should be taken to preserve the men in the armed services from this inexcusable form of civilian selfishness.

As far as I know the Press of this country has only urged civilians to write their relatives in the Army, Navy and Marines.

That the situation as described by Mr. Wright is highly probable, anyone who has witnessed the disgraceful exhibitions at the railroad stations, when a group of draftees leaves their home town, can understand.

It would not be beyond the ability of the American press to hammer into civilian heads the fact that, the proof of love is in its selfless quality, and that a man off to, or in, the Armed Services has a right to expect a courageous parting and letters which are written with the sole purpose of making his task easier.

We civilians have been given ample proof of the indomitable gallantry and selfless love of country by the men who are fighting for the United States.

Has easy living made us so soft and utterly selfish that we cannot even spare these men from our small griefs and problems?

Betty Babcock.

Locators Meet A Real Need

To The Editor,

We were pleased with the article you published in your December 25th edition. Furthermore we think that your newspaper is most interesting and attractive. It may be of interest to you to know that both the riding halls here have been remodeled into class rooms. One of them named Gruber Hall after General "Snitz" Gruber who wrote the Casson Song. My private feeling on this is that he would turn in his grave at the thought. We are also faced with the imminent loss of horses and the Fort Leavenworth pack. Since riding has always been one of my major interests, Leavenworth looks much less attractive for a duration address, so I would certainly like to know more about your locality.

There are a few things that I would like to clarify about your article, and the most important is my identity. So do please insert a correction in your paper to the effect that I am Mrs. Charles R. Bathurst the wife of an equally good Colonel of Engineers. Colonel Robert M. Bathurst is his brother and is now stationed in Hawaii.

Also the problems of privates' wives are not at all the same as those officers' wives who have made their homes in the Army for many years, and although the question crops up from time to time, we do not feel that they have the need of such a service as ours, nor do we have the facilities to handle it. Our average mail runs to 500 letters a week, and the letters of appreciation that pour in keep us working hard and assured of the fact that our organization meets a very real need. So do urge that those officers' wives in your vicinity send in their addresses for our file, complete with rank and branch and wife's given name. They may also help by watching our published lists of addresses being sought for. These appear in the Army and Navy Journal and Register each week.

Thank you for your courtesy and cooperation.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. Charles R. Bathurst
The Locators Box 537
Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

How Big An Army?

There seems to be much question about the size of the army. Might it not be possible that some of the well meaning laymen who are against its increase to the size requested by the military experts, could better see the need, if they would apply common horse sense? The elimination of a dragged out war, by a sustained all-out effort is the logical answer. Surely these people must still believe in the slogan, "let's win this war"—rather than "with how little expenditure can we win"? The ratio of Service of Supply to Combat Troops is well known, it cannot change, but the ratio of lives lost can change immensely if there is a practiced economy in numerical strength.

During World War I, it was matter of pride to the Division that was able to complete most missions, advance over most territory, capture most prisoners, and the crowning feat with that division was to do so with least loss of its personnel. This is not a question of a Division, it is

Portland Notes

By PAT WHITE

Lake Oswego Hunt Club scheduled a Treasure Hunt, December 20, laid by Betty Easson and Liddy Snow. A very tricky and entertaining course was provided for the twenty entries. Mrs. L. S. Besson, a consistent winner of paper chases, was the first to finish on her chestnut Thoroughbred gelding, Worthzen. Lunch was served in the club-rooms.

President of the Portland Hunt Club for 1943 will be Ted Crawford, who has been the master of hounds for the past year. He will replace E. D. Smith, Jr., who has been an inspiring officer and a tireless worker for the organization and rightfully deserves the manifold thanks and appreciation of all members. He has been kind enough to accept the position of chairman of the board.

Other officers named are: Vice-president, Nelle O'Donnell, M. F. H., Joseph Windolph; treasurer, Margaret Price, and secretary, Virginia Hartje. Remaining members of the board are John Baker, Nina Herman, Cachot Therkelson, William Payne, H. A. Mickelson, Harry Kerron, Allick Wilson and Charles R. Spackman, Jr.

Dr. Merle Taylor of Oswego has acquired a lovely possetype palomino, name of Tammie . . . A new, proud owner is young James H. Brown of the locally well-known, Inky. This white gelding, with the black spots scattered over his hindquarters, is an outstanding performance jumper, and we hope he will continue on to further successes . . . The Clackamas County Sheriff Posse entertained their wives with a drill ride and buffet dinner, Friday, December 18 . . . Brown Jumper is the catchy name of a four-year-old brown Thoroughbred gelding owned by Harold Wheeler. He has a title to forward and maintain.

a matter of huge armies, the same applies. The safest way to accomplish most with least loss of life is by continuing to work on the maximum force needed, as George Marshall says, it would always be easy to stop that increase if there should be a cessation of hostilities.

Here is an interesting table of comparisons, used in the New York Times.

AXIS

Germany 300 to 325 divisions.
Italy and satellite powers 160.
Japan 70 to 100.
Total Axis divs. 530 to 585.

UNITED NATIONS

United States (by late '43) 110.
British Empire 70 to 80.
Russia 225 to 300.
China 20 to 30.
Total United Nations 425 to 520.

In the case of the United States forces, in terms of divisions, it is stated that 30 to 40 of the 110 will not be ready till late in 1944, so there will be a still greater difference in man power, than the table shows. It takes time to build up by organization, training and equipping, any unit of men for combat. Improvised military organization is not possible, but the cut can be made simply, if need be.

This Is War

This is war, everyone has to fight in time of war, to win. We are fighting, for the horse, for The Chronicle and for your interest in us, we ask you to be our ally, to strengthen us.

PIEDMONT FOX HOUNDS

Upperville, Fauquier County, Virginia. Established 1840. Recognized 1904.



The foxhunting has been excellent during the holidays with the largest fields of the season made up of visitors, many of them service men on leave who enjoyed the days in the saddle.

Piedmont hounds met on Christmas Day at the Upperville school house. Hounds drew across the Peach farm to Blakely Grove and on to Willisville where they started a fox on the Metcalf place. After a good run they put him in. Then on to Welbourne where several foxes were gotten up. They ran across the Ben Fletcher farm—now owned by Arthur White—to Goose Creek and as the day was getting very foggy, hounds were called off after several hours of good sport.

On New Year's Day, hounds met at "Stoneleigh", the home of Private and Mrs. Robert V. Clark, at 1 o'clock p. m. About 50 people were in the field to follow Dr. A. C. Randolph, M. F. H. off. They drew toward Rattle Snake Mountain and started 2 foxes. One ran across the Eddie Hatcher farm and went in. Then going toward Bill Langley's place they jumped a fox opposite his gate. The fox ran to the woods and on to Atoka school house where they lost. Crossing the sand and clay road, hounds next drew the Langley farm, going to the cliff and up Goose Creek where they started another fox who ran to the Lake farm and cross the back road to Phipps Goose Creek polo field, then to the Slater Farm. Hounds were running well and fast when the fox doubled back to run up the Welbourne bottom land toward the pike where they killed. Miss Dola Winthrop, the 1st lady in, was presented with the brush by the master, and Robert Chambers, 1st man in, received the mask. The pads were given to Mrs. Prentice Porter, M. F. H. of Cobbler Hunt; Mrs. James McCormick, Mrs. John Butler and Lt. Beatty Brown.

Hounds were then taken across the dirt road to draw Mrs. Slater's rolling fields on the south side of the pike, on to "West View" and crossed the pike back of Mrs. Slater's house, on to Panther Skin Run where another fox was started to run toward Welbourne, over Metcalf's to The Maples, then back down Panther Skin to Goose Creek as far as the Sabin farm, where they put the fox in. Coming back up the creek another fox was gotten up who ran to Metcalf's. It was getting late so hounds were called in.

Six foxes were started that day giving those out good runs which they enjoyed more than any day this season. Among the Army men riding to hounds were Capt. William Rand, Lieut. Alfred Allen, Pvt. Heatly, all from the Remount Depot, Front Royal; Lieut. Beatty Brown, home on leave from Fort Bragg; Lieut. Jack Hughes from Norfolk; Pvt. Robert V. Clark, on leave from Fort Reno, Okla., and Major Freddy Warburg, from Washington. Others hunting included Mr. and Mrs. Arthur White, Mr. and Mrs. James McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Turner Wiltshire, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Prince, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Filley, Mrs. S. Prentice Porter, Mrs. William Langley, Mrs. John C. Butler, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, Jr., Miss Crystal Waggoner, Miss Sally Roszel, George

Letters To Editor

Continued from Page Ten

No Hunting There

Dear Sir:

Just a short note to give you my change of address. I have been transferred from Denver, Colorado, to Miami Beach, Florida, Headquarters First District, Army Air Forces Technical Training Command. Please see that my Chronicle goes to the new address. I certainly would not want to miss it, particularly after arriving in Florida, where God knows, hunting is unknown.

I've been having a very excellent season here with the Arapahoe hounds; had the best run of the season on New Year's Eve, having run one coyote for three hours and twenty five minutes until we finally lost him at dark in the vicinity of the McArthur's Ranch, where Mrs. McArthur, very hospitably, produced a sufficient amount of Johnny Walker to make us forget the cold, and warm our ride home (about eight miles) in the dark.

With best wishes for the continuance of your grand paper, I am Sincerely,

H. E. Kloepper
Colonel, Inspector General Department. Former Master of Ft. Oglethorpe Hunt, and Frankstown Hunt.

Writing Up Hunts

To The Editor:

Will you please change my address back to Canterbury School, I really wasn't thinking of all the trouble I was causing, but I do like to get my paper.

Thanks a lot for printing my story about the Elkridge-Harford that I sent in 10 days ago. I certainly do get a big kick out of seeing my own article in print. Also it is a lot of fun writing up hunts.

This is my fourth season to hounds and I have kept a little account in my hunting diary of each and every hunt so far. It really is extremely interesting already to look back over past days.

If I can do anything for you while at school, let me know. The outlook just now is a little grim because I have to go back. I will not ride or even see a horse for 2 1/2 months, anyway it just has to be done.

Sincerely,
David K. Reeves.

A Correction

To The Editor.

In the Jan. 1 edition, I would like to point out an error and have it corrected. In the article titled "Cornish Hills Eastern Champion", you have "No Mistake" listed as owned by Mrs. Forrest Sherman. This is an error as the colt is owned by my wife and I. I believe Mrs. Sherman owns "No Mistakes", former stablemate of "Whizz Bang". You can confirm this with Mr. Redmon at Middleburg, from whom I bought the colt.

The best of news for the coming year and to no let down in hunting and shows, we remain, Sincerely,
Capt. and Mrs. Alvin I. Kay
Washington, D. C.

Robert Slater, Selden Peach, Miss Pat Lennon, Mrs. C. M. Greer, Jr., William Phillips and his son, Stephen, Walter Lacy, Ollie Iselin, Ridgely White, Van Cushman, and others.

Men And Ponies

Continued from Page Fifteen

J. C. Cooley was employed as manager for the 1919-20 season. Mr. Cooley had the requisite qualification to bring high goal men to Miami Beach.

Over on the Fisher golf course a stalwart chap, with the stage-sounding name of Lord Plimpton, had charge of the club's affairs, but even he, with a bona fide title and an engaging front, had no more social pull than "Jimmy" Cooley. Moreover, Mr. Cooley wrote discreet and charming prose on the doings of men in polo. His articles in Town and Country were far and away the most authoritative of any current commentary on the game. He knew precisely what he was writing about for he himself could play bang-up polo. He carried 5 goals, carried them creditably, even in the toughest of company.

Men whose names were common on the scoreboards of northern fields did come to Miami Beach at the suasion of J. C. Cooley. Among these newcomers, in the first group, there was Maurice Heckscher, perfectly mounted. One of the ponies in his string, one of the smartest, was a brown short-tailed mare named Pastry. She had seen service in the world war and had on her quarters the broad arrow brand of the British Remount.

Mr. Heckscher stayed on from season to season in Florida and when the boom came along dropped into its avaricious maw a sum variously reported at seven or eight million.

Stephen (Laddie) Sanford, then a cub in the game, brought Pura, a \$7,000 (chestnut) mare from the Argentine and later, Margaret, a \$9,000 (bay) mare from England. These two, and their stablemates, shared daily in 100's of gallons of distilled water costing 10 cents a gallon. The other ponies in the colony had to quench their thirst in rain water collected in tanks from the stable roofs. It didn't hinder their pace neither did it have any ill effects on the colored laborers whom I used to see with their face at the tank's faucet, a dozen times a day.

Other players included George Earle, the future Governor of Pennsylvania; Col. R. R. McCormick, owner of the Chicago Tribune; Frederick H. Prince, Jr., who later took over Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's marble palace in Newport; the late Senator Robert Bacon, not yet in politics and the late Pat Rumsey, a noted sculptor. There were many others whose names may crop up in subsequent paragraphs of this chronicle. I might mention here Mr. H. C. Phipps.

Mr. Phipps, with his brother, J. S. Phipps, owned large holdings in and around Palm Beach. The upstate resort, at that time, had, of course "Bradley's" and everything else that was social, excepting a polo plant and, according to many of its winter residents, was much in need of one. Mr. J. S. Phipps, looking ahead, made memos in a little note book of the number of stalls in each stable along with other features of interest to a polo player. And, in due time, these observations were used when polo was installed on the Phipps' real estate development at Delray.

The bizarre effects at Miami Beach, (especially at night time) must have seemed to the conservative men from Long Island a good deal like a sort of Bagdad on a raft. Miles and miles of uninhabited streets were kept illuminated and buildings in the course of construction were brightly spotlighted.

The players from Meadow Brook also were made conspicuous by methods of spotlighting. They were living, unconsciously, at the adjunct of a real estate office while they were anywhere near the polo fields. Silver trophies and lavish entertainment made them unaware of their mission in life. Their host believed, with just as much confidence as the late Mr. Barnum, that it paid to advertise. This advertising took forms more subtle and various than space allows me to describe. An announcer bawled through a megaphone, to the curious on the sidelines, the name of the distinguished player who had just made the goal and to avoid any mistake in identity Fisher made the additional innovation of sewing on to each man's shirt a prominent numeral to correspond with a number on the program.

An elephant named Pat did the heaviest of the work in keeping the two fields in shape. Help wasn't that scarce. Fisher simply figured it was good advertising to have an elephant pulling a roller, pushing a tractor, or moving a coconut tree.

In any estimate of the early publicity assets of Miami Beach, Pat must run a close second to its tepid sun and much vaunted moon. I should like to write more about Pat as he had much to do with polo. He didn't, after the first few seasons, as he turned out to be far too sagacious for such heavy labor. Pat could select colors, carry golf sticks, push a perambulator, turn on a water spigot and even dance an Irish jig or frolic childishly with bathing beauties. He was, in fact, some elephant and could do almost anything but thread a needle.

Continued Next Week

SUGGESTED PROSPECTS

These people may like to subscribe to The Chronicle, if they have not already done so.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

SIGNED.....

Illinois
Reminiscences

BY CASTLE HILL

That letter by Margaret de Martelly reminded me of many years ago. During time that I had hanging on my hands, I badly wanted to make a little pocket-money and all I knew was horses.

Norm Ladd, a livery stable owner of Libertyville, Ill., monopolized the trade in that small town. His biggest job was making long hauls with the heavy hearse when the cross-country byways of Cook County were deep with mud. I suggested he take the second pair of blacks, which he used to pull the first mourners' carriage with, and break them to lead on the hearse.

Norm said that might be fine, but he had no harness and no one to train or drive them afterwards. My suggestion had manufactured me a job. It did not take long to rig up a lead set and long reins from all the junk Ladd had lying around his stable, the whip was the hardest to make. Anyway, in short order we were driving to country funerals with a right fair four-in-hand. Tooling them round the narrow winding cemetery paths bordered with rocks to denote

the lanes, was not too easy; backing up to the graves for unloading purposes was matter for some art, but suffice it to say, it was accomplished.

On the way home the undertaker used to climb up beside me, his assistants crowded in where the coffin had been, and we would bowl on home at a spanking clip. So a four-in-hand was useful in the land where Samuel Insul held sway, with money he had made from far more modern tools of progress.

Some weeks ago I read in The Country Gentleman, a magazine I always peruse with pleasure and interest, an account of a "Country Physician". Dr. Taylor's experiences were outlined and his problem of reaching the country houses of the farmers. Babies always chose the stormiest nights to appear on the scenes. That brought back memories. I wrote to Doc and asked him if he remembered a kid called "Slim" whom he always called on to drive him in a two horse cutter, armed with a shovel, lantern and plenty of fur robes, on these night missions. I had a reply the other day, he did remember, and my letter had brought back to him many recollections of those days, when the cutter had to take the place of the early days of doubtful travel with autos. Its a

small world after all!

Doc and I made many trips with Charlie and Jim, as I recollect were the names of the pair of lean bays we drove. It was grand schooling in the art of resourcefulness under varied conditions, for a youngster—maybe the nip from the half-pint of rye that was tucked under the seat, while waiting outside with the pair, while Doc was performing, saved me from many a chance to take pneumonia, I don't know, but it was always there, after all, he was the doctor, and doctors should know!

Sam Insul's name brings back another memory. He had a big round barn, and a number of Suffolk Punches, he advertised for a man to put some of them in show shape, or rather his superintendent did. Knowing very little about readying draft horses for show, I answered to the ad. I readied the 5 or 6 that were to go to Chicago, we won nothing, whether they were not "right" or whether they were not class enough, I am unable to say. At any rate I had my trip to the Chicago International at Insul's expense, and enjoyed the trip. I have never fooled with that sort of job since, it savored too much of a chamber maid's vocation. Besides I never could braid a mane or tail!

Great Britain Notes

Continued from Page Nine

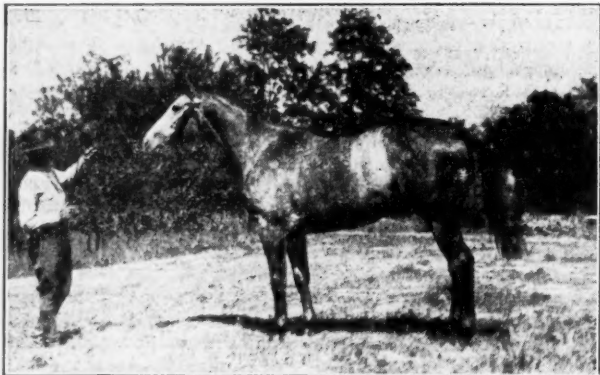
tainted water is offered them. During a good part of the last war I had an old steeplechaser as a charger and, when riding him at dark, had to sit very tight as he fly-jumped when he smelled blood, the bodies of dead men, or dead horses. We know that horses recognise by smell those whom they hate, as well as those they love, even though not a word is spoken. My trainer friend recalled an interesting story of Julius, (mentioned in the foregoing note) which won the Cesarewitch in a common canter and beat the Derby winner Hermit, in a £1000 match. Julius was a stallion and so was Hermit. When stallions fall out they fight like demons if they come to close quarters, and, what is more the equine memory is a long one. Owned by the Duke of Newcastle, Julius was a savage who would not allow the Duke to go near him. It is recorded in the life of Mat Dawson: Julius one day threw the lad who was riding him on the Heath and bolted across the Severals... Mat Dawson stood near the gate and did not touch the infuriated colt, but merely said "Julius, Julius old boy!" The horse stopped dead and followed Mat like a lamb. Mat Dawson had a wonderful influence over animals and birds. Julius detested the presence of Hermit after their desperate struggles in the St. Leger, and in the subsequent match. At almost any distance on the Heath Julius would detect, either by sound, sight or smell, the presence of his hated adversary, he would roar, fret and work himself up into a tremendous passion.

The Quarter Horse

Continued from Page Six

ability to take it—and he can. It's nothing to this servant of humanity to be going hard all day long, carrying huge weights, under adverse conditions. The West swears by him so why shouldn't we pat him on the back for his pioneer ancestry, clear blood lines, and noble adaption to work.

COQ D'ESPRIT



COQ D'ESPRIT, grey, 1934, by *COQ GAULOIS—DULCY, by *LIGHT BRIGADE, is a magnificent individual, standing 16.3½, measures 79 inches around girth, 9½" below the knee and weighs 1,500 pounds. Combining, as he does, the jumping qualities of *COQ GAULOIS and *LIGHT BRIGADE, and being a brilliant jumper himself, he should prove a most outstanding sire of jumpers.

AT STUD, CLIFTON FARM, BERRYVILLE, VIRGINIA

Fee—\$75 Return

Mares boarded at reasonable rates.

DR. L. M. ALLEN, WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA

MILKMAN

(Property of Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart)

Will make the season of 1943 at
THE PLAINS, VIRGINIA

MILKMAN br., 1927	Broomstick	Ben Brush	Bramble Roseville
	Cudgel	Elf	Gilliard Sylvabelle
	Eugenia Burch	Ben Strome	Bend Or Strathfleet
		The Humber	Break Knife Keep Snake
Milkmaid	Peep o'Day	Ayrshire	Hampton Atlanta
		Sundown	Springfield Sunshine
	Neil Olin	Wagner	Prince Charlie Duchess of Malfi
		Black Sleeves	Sir Dixon Lake Breeze

Milkmaid was a stake winner at 2, 3, and 4 and lowered track record at Saratoga Springs for 7 furlongs and 1 1-16 miles.

From 7 crops, Milkman has sired many winners, including Pasteurized, winner at 2, 3 and 4 and \$47,220 including Belmont and East Vies Stakes. 3rd in Christina and Flamingo Stakes; Early Delivery, winner of Hialeah Park Inaugural and Belgrade Claiming Handicap, 3rd in Paumonok, Narragansett Spring Handicap; Buttermilk, winner Netherlands Plaza Handicap, 3rd in DeLaSalle Handicap; Early Morn, winner of 19 races, placing 6 times, including Susquehanna Handicap and the winners Milk, Bonny Clabber, Butter, Milk Punch, Cottage Cheese, Separator, Rich Cream, Milk Dipper, Milray, Needmore, Cooling Spring and Cream Cheese.

Milkman had 6 two-year-old winners in 1940: Dairy Delivery, Gay Man, Lactose, Milk And Honey, Quizzle and also Milk Bar who placed several times.

Only 5 two-year olds were raced in 1941, 3 of which were winners: Clip Clop, Milky Moon and Milk Route.

The 1st yearlings ever sold by Milkman averaged \$3,086 for 7 colts at Saratoga in 1940.

The 2nd crop of yearlings, 3 colts and 4 fillies, averaged \$2,043 at Saratoga in 1941 on a night of such poor sales that a leading breeder withdrew his yearlings the same evening.

To December 1, 1942, 7 two-year-olds have been winners: Dairy Lady, Milk Chocolate, Bottom Rail, Parachutist, Five A. M., Colleen and Cream. TO DATE THIS YEAR, HE HAS Sired 22 WINNERS OF 53 RACES.

These records will be kept up-to-date during the months that MILKMAN is advertised in The Chronicle.

Mares must have satisfactory veterinary certificates

Fee \$300
Return

To offset shipping costs, the stud fee has been reduced this year by \$350.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

MRS. W. PLUNKET STEWART
Commercial Trust Bldg.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

ALBERT BURROWS
Rolling Plains Farm,
The Plains, Va.

SUGGESTED PROSPECTS

These people may like to subscribe to The Chronicle, if they have not already done so.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

SIGNED.....

Foxhunting In Pennsylvania

Published on March 23rd, 1878, in the then famous London Weekly, the London Field.

The following account of a fox hunt at the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club during the winter of 1878 was written by an English visitor to this country. The writer turned it up in a scrap book, compiled by Fairman Rogers, one of the most famous sportsmen and also Engineers in this country at that time. Fairman Rogers was one of the founders of the Rose Tree Club as it was originally called and a great lover of fox hunting.

The account is interesting in itself and is also indicative of the lack of knowledge in England of their favorite sport, fox hunting in this country.—Geo. W. Arton.

The article is as follows.

Sir,—Such of your hunting readers as has ever given the matter a thought will be able to judge of my surprise, when, wending my way, southward, I heard that near the city of Philadelphia, in the heart of Quakerdom, there was a pack of fox hounds going regularly; and their surprise will, I fancy, be increased when I at once "break covert", and tell them, as I afterwards ascertained, that not one only, but at least half a dozen packs are within easy reach of the aforesaid city of Philadelphia, and not only are, but have been, as I am informed, for upwards of a century. True, the pack, about which I propose to write, has existed as it now is but about twenty-five years; still the blood and strain of these hounds have been handed down with little admixture from shortly after the times when Penn and his Quakers first "did" the Indians, by buying as much land as an ox hide would cover, and then cutting the hide into thin strips that encircled, the historian says not, how many acres of land.

At first, I was disposed to pooh-pooh the matter, but my curiosity fortunately got the better of my (then) judgment; and I was induced to join in the chase, and thereby to open up to myself a new revelation, and to find among the members of the "Rose Tree Hunt", and in the grass fields of Pennsylvania, as true and stouthearted a set of sportsmen as ever gave a view halloo, several of whom had visited the hunting fields of the old country to learn or rather to improve their practice, for it was learned long before their time; and although the "fields" were principally made up of farmers owning their own land, which we were riding over, yet a numerous body was composed of manufacturers and other business and professional men from the neighborhood and of lawyers, doctors etc from Philadelphia.

In this land the men of leisure i. e. people with no professed occupation are few, and, instead of being looked up to, are rather to the contrary; for the sound doctrine of not honouring non-producers is engrafted on the hearts and heads of the American people, and, nearly everyone, including many who have no need to work for maintenance, has some occupation.

There was a good sprinkling of red coats; and although the boots and breeches were not looked after by Melton valets, yet, they fitted and were serviceable looking, while the spurs, bits, bridles etc., were

clean, of an English type; and barring the fact that large old fashioned saddlecloths were used, not one of the "swells" of the hunt but would have passed without remark in an English provincial country. Either Poole had some hand in most of those pinks, or the American tailors have taken an English lesson, as several of them, were of the latest Melton fashion.

The horses were generally small, averaging about 15.1 but were full of bone and power, and showed signs of stout old fashioned British blood, no weediness, nor tied in back sinews, but good large flat legs; plenty of bone, and sinews too, beautiful shoulders (as have most all American horses), and strong backs and loins, were the general characteristics of the mounts. They were for the most part clean and well turned out.

The hounds, as I had ascertained by a visit to them on a previous day, were housed in very modest, but pretty and sound kennels, and numbered some twenty couple. Their feeding seemed to comprise more flesh than they would get in England; but they looked fit too, as they do twice a week, in hard condition, with no superfluous flesh; and although of all sizes and sorts, with many black and tan ones among them, seemed capable, as they afterwards proved themselves to me, of a day's real hunting, and of quite quick bursts at times: although I must say that then there was a good deal of tailing, so much so, that on being thrown out, standing on a hill and wanting to go where I heard "music", I was stayed by a farmer with the remark that they were the "hind" (tall) hounds and that the main pack were a mile ahead but were turning to us that (pointing) is "where he wants to git."

They appear to have a good deal of beagle about them, range from 16 in. to 20 in., and dogs and bitches run together. The young hounds "enter" themselves, by joining the hunt whenever it comes near their walks. The hunting men here do not estimate the size of their hounds by height, but by weight, and go entirely for nose and tongue; saying that, however well the fine bred hounds may go in England, they are useless here, having several times made the experiment. In fact, I found the members of this hunt were perfectly familiar with the Shires rhyme—

Our fathers talked of long runs, let them,

We want quick bursts and get them.

Only, however, to condemn it.

Mounts are difficult to get, yet, I procured one with a mouth—at least the one side it had—like a gridiron. It could jump timber, but was otherwise, ignorant of its business, and being short of wind, I fear my acquaintances in older countries would have chaffed about my place here. Apart from this, the fact that every fence is timber, and hills plentiful, made one, accustomed to hedges, cautious, although on the line we went, most of the fences had the top rail or two knocked off; still, the fact that in the early part of the season, these fences, then, intact and averaging fully five feet high, must be negotiated, would "put a head on" many sportsmen who, like the Aylesbury gent,

Rather liked rails, and thought he went.

As it was, I managed to get through the day, generally well behind, with only one fall.

We met (listen ye featherbed Meltonites and spring captains, et hoc ominae generae) at seven o'clock, leaving Philadelphia by the six o'clock train. We found before eight, and riding an open country, rather hilly, with few and small coverts, ran a ring, or rather, as for as I was able to judge, a succession of wide rings, for over four hours; the first three-quarters of an hour a very good pace and without a check, then coming to slow, and finally to decidedly pattering hunting. We some time after mid-day, ran our fox to ground among some rocks, where it was impossible to dig; and taking with us such hounds as were up, and leaving the rest to find their way to the kennel as they might (and I was assured that they would all be there before supper time) we started homewards. Shortly, we came across a country inn, where most of us gruelled our horses and had a good "dinner" (lunch) of steak, lamb etc. Then we winded our way homewards, and at six o'clock in the evening, by the kind invitation of the Master and others, I attended the monthly "supper" (dinner) which is held in the club rooms attached to an inn near the kennel, on the first Saturday after every full moon, and where an excellent meal of turkey, beef, lamb, sweet potatoes, buckwheat cakes and kickshaws, was washed down by the beautiful ale of the country, and afterwards, by good old whiskey. About thirty sat down, and my astonishment was revive by finding that "Our late and most worthy Friend Jorrocks" (as Lord Granville calls him, was at least as well known and certainly more often quoted than in England; while "John Peel", "A Southerly Wind" and other hunting songs were well and heartily rendered.

In conclusion, I must say that, trencher-fed as they are during the summer, and having what would be considered poor attention during the season, it would be difficult to find

Texas Rancher

Continued from Page Twelve

herd at the same price."

The deal was made as easy as that. One evening, as we drove home from shooting, I asked Joe whether he had a preference among the three breeds of cattle that then made up the bovine population of Southwest Texas—Brahmas, Herefords and Shorthorns.

"Yes," he replied, "I have a preference. If I were to continue to breed cattle in ticky country, I'd take Brahmas, for they are tick immune. If it were back in the days of the open range, with thirty miles to a water hole, I'd take Herefords, because they can take the gaff better than any other breed, living longer on nothing. But that's poor argument when you're figuring to make money. But when I buy cattle for my own feedlots, I buy Shorthorns. Because of their varied colors, I can buy 'em for a cent or two less a pound, and they do so much better on feed, I can afford to take a cent or two less for 'em, and still have more money to put in the bank—and that's what I'm in the cattle business for."

And that's the whole thing in a nutshell.

a pack of hounds, who, with little assistance from master and less from whip, could find, work out, and press a stout wilddog fox, in better or more workmanlike style than these did; while a harder riding lot of horsemen, who took very coolly more falls than I ever saw in a day's hunting, could not be found in the wide, wide world.

A Sportsman.

Dinwiddle Court House, Virginia, Feb. 21st. 1878.

We ask you to submit the names and addresses of any good prospects for The Chronicle. A forceful offensive will double our circulation during 1943.

The Real Estate and Insurance Directory

GARRETT INSURANCE AGENCY, INC.

All Lines of Insurance

LEESBURG, VIRGINIA

D. H. LEES & CO., INC.

Real Estate and Insurance

Complete Listings,

Private Estates and Farms

Warrenton,

Tel: 810

Armfield & Harrison
GENERAL INSURANCE

Phone 809 — Leesburg, Va.

HOWARD M. ARMFIELD

B. POWELL HARRISON, JR.

Banking Directory

THE FAUQUIER NATIONAL BANK

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits \$375,000.00

Warrenton, Va.

Branch at The Plains

Telephones 83 and 84

Telephone Plains 88

LOUDOUN NATIONAL BANK

1870

1942

Leesburg

Virginia

In The Country:-



Chronicle Editor Blitzed By Cold

Major Don L. Henderson, who took over the editor's chair of The Chronicle last year, is sitting this issue out by a fireside surrounded by chest rubs, throat gargles and cough syrups. Blitzed by a cold several days ago, the Major stuck it out to edit last minute copy and plan the layout before he had to give up the ghost and retire to the sidelines. "It's nothing serious," he commented over the phone this morning (Thursday).

Hugh M. Luttrell Dies

One of the first men to play polo in the Marshall section of Virginia was H. M. Luttrell, who died last Saturday in Warrenton. He was an all round sportsman. He hunted, raced, at one time was on the Board of the Upperville Horse Show. Was also President of the Cobble Hunt, from which he only resigned in recent years. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Marie Luttrell and two sons, Singleton and Hugh M., Jr. The Chronicle extends its sympathy in their loss.

Demand For Fence Rails Increases

Since making the last mention of the need for rails, we have received several calls for the rails advertised by Miriam R. Le Vin, of Newtown Square, Pa., who advertised with us. One from up on Long Island. We repeat, if anyone knows of where rails can be procured, advise of the fact to this office will be passed on gladly to benefit inquirers.

Bunny Sharp Promoted

It is now Captain David B. Sharp, Jr., with address 307th Bombardment Group, APO 953, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California. The Master and Huntsman of the Trewerwyn Beagles is evidently getting where he belongs in the bombers, just as he ably piloted his gay little pack of black, white and tans.

California's Jimmy Dills At Bliss

Jimmy Dills, popular trainer of show horses, is now in the U. S. Cavalry at Fort Bliss, Texas.

The Blue Ridge Hunt In Australia

Miss Isabel C. Lee, daughter of Walter C. Lee, who hunts in the Blue Ridge Hunt country and is assistant treasurer of the hunt, is now in Australia, with the American Red Cross, doing recreation work.

No Post Hole Digging In Illinois

From the de Martellys comes word that 15 inches of snow has prevented their digging a post hole for the mail box at their new house in Dundee. That they spent the day of the 27th all cleaning tack at the Edgerton Throckmortons, also cleaning up the turkey at both establishments. If you can't hunt, its not a bad way to spend a day of the holidays. Louis de Martelly is honorary whip of the Wayne-Du Page and Edgerton Throckmorton acts in the same capacity for the Fox River Valley, when there is not 15 inches of snow that is! Margaret de Martelly is "Illinois" and "Horsemanstership".

Pictures From Goldens Bridge

In the mail came splendid pictures of the Golden's Bridge hounds and field. R. Laurence Parish, M. F. H. believes in the saying that:—"As long as you provide good hunting you will get people out." The Ben Hur and Tatler notes that come are good reading to anyone, even though they have never seen the country.

C. V. Henkel, Jr. Heard From

As there was no good picture of Norwood on hand, Mr. Henkel was asked for one, it came by return mail almost. North Carolina, especially

Turnersburg, located a little south and west of Winston-Salem, is fortunate to have a sporting citizen who will pick "Norwoods" to eat his oats.

First V-Mail

The Chronicle's first V-Mail letter or card, came in from Kenneth Taylor, ex-secretary of the Hampton, Va. Horse Show. APO, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif., is the address. Hampton is not active during these times, but the day was not far back when the shows there were something everyone looked forward to. Generally, the Pilot Boat was loaned by the Virginia Pilots' Association, for a moonlight cruise in the bay, as part of the lavish entertainment program offered by the Tidewaterites. North Fletcher riding Tupalo is our first remembrance of this show.

St. Peters Beagles Go Chronicle It Is Hoped

A request from Miss Anne Leigh Goodman, Hon. Sec. of the St. Peters Beagles for 25 copies of the Dec. 18 issue, in which we gave the interesting report of the pack, written by Alexander Saunders, Master of Beagles. It is such promotional-educational efforts that will spread good hunting and sportsmanship, through our paper.

Purchases Green Pastures

It is reported that David Dows has purchased Green Pastures, a 2,000-acre plantation at Bradley, S. C. First of all a cotton plantation, it was developed by the last owner, H. R. Maxon, into a beef cattle range. The main house dates back to 1817. The grounds are stated to be well developed with elaborate farm buildings and splendid old boxwood hedges.

New Sires At Sagamore Farm

Six stallions will stand at Alfred G. Vanderbilt's Sagamore Farm, Glyndon, Md., during the 1943 season, Dauber, Discovery, Identify, Impound, New World and Tedious. Making their 1st season at stud are Impound, br., 1936, by Sun Beau—*Embargo Arts, by Embargo, and New World, ch., 1938, by Discovery—Sunny Sal, by *Sun Briar.

Equipoise Represented In Virginia

Dr. Freeland, ch., 1926, (*Light Brigade—Toddle, by Celt), will stand with another sire at Piedmont Farm, Middleburg, Va., for the new season. Making his 1st season at stud is Equistone, a 6-year-old son of Equipoise out of a Man o'War mare, Drystone. Owner John E. Hughes states that "There is no better bred horse in the world than Equistone and that he is the only son of Equipoise standing in the East."

Goodstone Destroyed By Fire

The main dwelling house at Goodstone, the home of Capt. and Mrs. E. S. Turner was totally destroyed by fire on December 31st. The Schulkes, who leased Goodstone, have moved to The Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C. Capt. and Mrs. Turner are living at Coral Gables, where he was formerly with the Pan-American Airlines, now taken over by the government.

Yeoman 1st Class Smith

Reginald "Reg" Smith, ex-business manager and editor of The Chronicle has been promoted to a Yeoman 1st Class. Reg has been in the Navy Department in Washington since the latter part of the summer in 1941.

President's Horse Show Cancelled

The committee for the horse show which has been held at Fort Myer in honor of the president's birthday, will not be able to hold the show there. The event has been quite a gala affair in the past but the War Department has notified the committee that Fort Myer would not be available.

Visiting Middleburg

Mrs. Richard I. N. Weingart, a regular with Meadowbrook Hounds, is down in Virginia visiting Miss Pat Lennon at Middleburg. She hopes to get in some hunting with both Piedmont and Middleburg while here, but the ground has been so frozen that hounds have been kept in for the past several days.

A complacent attitude, living off advertising that was sold merely because the advertiser wished to appear in a publication read by "smart people" has been the death of many a sporting paper. We have no intention of dying for such a reason, or dying at all for that matter. But we won't live by or on complacency, it takes fight and work to survive, we are prepared for both.

You are urged to use our classified advertising. Seldom is there an owner of land who does not have things that he would like to dispose of, for which he has no further use. Develop the habit of using the "classifieds" to put those things into use again, in the hands of those who will be glad to have them.

Lieut. Fowler

Anderson Fowler, ex-joint master of Essex Hunt and gentleman steeplechase rider, graduated from officers training school at Fort Riley last month. Lieut. Fowler had ten days' leave after graduation, during which time he managed to get out and hunt his own pack of hounds three or four times. He has now been assigned to Fort Bliss.

Duncan Curtis

Mrs. Laura Bostwick's (Mrs. G. H. "Pete") youngest brother, Duncan Curtis, was killed December 23rd in a plane crash in Mississippi. Details of the accident are not available.

Riley Graduates

Pete Bostwick, Louis Stoddard, A. A. "Sandy" Baldwin, Louis Rohan, and various others of the sporting contingent are due to graduate from Fort Riley around the 29th of January.

CLASSIFIED C-ADS-D

We are perfectly confident when we tell you that our advertising produces results. Inquiries about any classified advertising come in just as soon as the paper is received, either by wire or mail, and even long distance (before this means was discouraged). We know of no better medium for your "wants" or "offers for sale", the element of chance is reduced to a minimum.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Registered Thoroughbred chestnut stallion. Approximately 16 hands. Coming four. Not raced. Will trade for middle or heavyweight hunter, top quality. L. D. Feuchtenberger, Bluefield, W. Va. 12-25-4t-c

HUNTER FOR SALE—Sailor, ch. hunter, four white feet and blaze on face, 16 hands high, 9 years old, good jumper and is also an excellent driving horse. The reason I am selling him is because I can't afford him. Daniel J. Wills, Greenwich, Conn. Tel. 739. 1t

FARMER WANTED—On small place, 15 miles from Phila. Must understand cows, chickens and garden. House including coal, electricity, gas, eggs, milk and vegetables. State age, size family and salary expected. Apply Box 32, Berryville, Va. 1t ch.

EXPERIENCED COLORED HORSEMAN—Ex-soldier, over military age. School hunters, show horses, hacks for family. Samuel L. Harris, 147-06 11th Ave., Whitestone, L. I., N. Y. 1t pd.

TO OWNERS OF STABLES—I am 54 years old and single. During the last war a Major in the British army. Before coming to America I rode steeplechasers in England and France. I have managed and hunted hounds for Michigan, Ohio and New York owners. Am successful instructor. I am not afraid of hard work and would manage a small or large establishment. Can furnish references. Contact through Chronicle, Box 32, Berryville, Va.

CHRONICLE BUSINESS

We ask you to submit the names and addresses of any good prospects for The Chronicle. A forceful offensive will double our circulation during 1943.

If your Chronicle is late it is from conditions beyond our control. The Blue Ridge Press mails in what would be time enough, normally, to reach you on the proper date.

There is a big demand for FENCING RAILS, anyone having knowledge of where they can be obtained anywhere reasonably close to the Northern Virginia sections will find their information to us immediately used and of great value to our readers.

If Captain Resseguier, of the British Ferry Command sees this, will he kindly communicate with The Chronicle in Berryville, Va. We have information for him.

We have to cut our clothes according to the cloth. Today the man who can afford to go out and buy a new requirement, is unable to do so, he must be satisfied with secondhand, if he advertises his wants, chances are he will fill them.

There may be some who will say:—"We did not buy The Chronicle to read about its business worries", our answer is, if they want to read it at all, they will have to put up with 1 column out of 80. No one can stay away from business problems by ignoring them, things just don't work out that way.

This is your "breed paper"; just as the Hereford Journal is to that breed, so is The Chronicle to the "horse in the field", there are other horse papers, but none that deals exclusively with our kind of horse, make use of your paper and help it grow.

Since July 1 of 1942 there have been added to our list of subscribers, 388 new names, from almost every state in the country. Circulation is our strongest weapon, let's campaign for that and the rest will follow.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

We welcome the new subscribers to THE CHRONICLE for the week ending January 8th, 1943.

Mr. F. M. McConihe, Maryland
Mr. Wirt H. Hatcher, Jr., Virginia
Mr. William T. Brown, Connecticut
Mr. Charlie Smith, Pennsylvania
Pvt. Leroy Curry, Mississippi
Lt. Warner W. Bracket, Kansas
Rev. Thomas Pelesheck, Pennsylvania
Mr. Thompson M. Barker, New Jersey
Capt. H. G. Conar, California
Mr. Albert Kiernan, New York
Capt. William Bryan, Oregon
Mr. Patrick McDermott, New York
Mr. John Osburn, Oregon
Mr. Gordon D. Wilson, Oregon
Mr. T. E. Jaski, Virginia
Mrs. John L. Bond, New Jersey
Miss Lewis Davies, South Carolina
Mr. J. B. Belk, Virginia
Cpl. Robert V. Clark, Oklahoma
Mr. A. M. Mitchell, Canada
Mr. Gary Davis, Pennsylvania

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